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LYRA URBANICA.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY,
Bangor House, Shoe Lane.

[illegible]A URBANICA;

[illegible] SOCIAL [illegible]EC[illegible]SIONS

[illegible]

CAPTAIN CHARLES MORRIS

OF THE [illegible] GUARDS

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON

[illegible] NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1849

LYRA URBANICA;

OR,

THE SOCIAL EFFUSIONS

OF THE CELEBRATED

CAPTAIN CHARLES MORRIS,

OF THE LATE LIFE-GUARDS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.
1840.

LOAN STACK

PR
M
V. 1

TO THE PUBLIC.

HAVING been much urged by my friends and well-wishers to publish the little worthless productions of my pen, (which task I designed to have left to the judgment and decision of those who might survive me,) I have, at length, from the flattering wish they have expressed to possess the trifling scraps of my humble Muse, assented to their kind entreaty; and have selected some of the popular and approved convivial effusions which their taste has sanctioned, and which the good-humoured world has been pleased to admit as a lively help to the social glow of the table and the friendly hilarity of life.

Amongst them some little sketches will be found resulting from a graver interest and more pensive source, than the careless gaieties and sprightly fancies of the mirthful Muse. But, as they are faithful transcripts of my heart's impressions, and as most

mortal hearts are liable to similar effects and illusions, I trust they may be suffered to pass, as applicable to the natural interests and feelings of the major part of mankind.

In these pages, solely filled with effusions of the Lyric Muse, I have inserted but little of what so long employed my pen, namely, party and politics. The leading men of my time being all dead, and the measures and events deep sunk in oblivion, I have felt they would not now raise either interest or attention, and I have left all scraps of this kind as waste lumber on my shelf. But, as my earliest pretension to notice arose from the eager attention bestowed upon these little satirical scraps, by the party associates of my gayer hours, I beg permission to say a few more words on the subject.

I am now long past the age of man, and feel no longer party spirit or personal prejudice. I have therefore with, I hope, just hesitation, withheld them from the eye of the public; and am of opinion they would be now fitter placed in the fire than in the press. Added to this consideration, I am well aware that many of these trifling compositions, turning on the political events of the hour, would lose much of their little pretension to notice, from the fugitive and temporary nature of the subject; and though the

eager warmth of party spirit favoured them in their day with the most enthusiastic reception, from those friends before whose eyes the events and measures of the time were passing, yet that few people of other days would care to bestow a thought or enter into the merits of *bagatelles* of this kind, the subjects of which were to them so far advanced on the dusky road of oblivion, not to say wholly forgotten.

It will be found that some of the following scraps were written for the celebration of, or to promote and sustain the spirit of some social or festive Institution; there will naturally, therefore, in such case, be an air of locality and temporary application, which will greatly take off from their recommendation to the notice of the reader, at a period when these Societies are dissolved and forgotten. This is a defect which unavoidably attaches to the pen that writes *for the day*, and which comments and notes but awkwardly remedy. I have therefore judged it best to leave the matter to the candid indulgence and consideration of those who may honour this little collection of trifles with a perusal, rather than burthen them with tiresome explanations, more insignificant perhaps than the text itself.

It will be seen that the words "Wisdom" and "Reason" are often placed in these pieces under

the jest of the Muse. I beg therefore to observe, that by these words I do not mean the sound perfection of the understanding, or that just and moral excellence which makes at once the worth and glory of the human mind,—but that affected sage formality, and disheartening monitory dulness, which the sour and saturnine moralist is ever opposing to mirth and recreation.

As it will be seen, perhaps, that I make the quickening inspiration of wine the awakening cause of the heart's worthiest emotions and sweetest gratifications, I must here, in vindication, remark, that it is from a wish to give the pensive, gloomy, world-worn breast a more gay and vivid perception of the fair side of human condition, and awaken it to a brighter aspect of Nature, that I recommend the depressed spirit a sip in the care-repelling fountain; but not to dim the brightness produced from the sparkling drop, by the heavy clouds of intemperate stupidity.

I beg leave, at the same time, to add, that I am a professed enemy to all excess, and abuse of the human faculties: abhor the practice and despise the effect; and, as a votary of mirth and pleasure, I revolt at the sottish stupidity and debasing shame,

and would fly the brutal influence as I would a contagion.

As I have no political creed now but the welfare of my country, I give such complexion to all subjects and events that I touch, as suits my present humour, and rises in the whim and fancy of the moment. Of course my scraps vary in their colour and character; and are, as to all praise or blame, so chequered with shade and shine, that my squinting Muse may be said to look two ways at once, and catch a theme for either glance as inclination prompts her to prefer it.

TO THE HON. MRS. L******.

MADAM,

IF, amongst these little scraps from my pen, there should appear any indication of a heart susceptible of those pure and sweet emotions which refine and elevate the mind of man, they are, with the liveliest gratitude and never-ceasing esteem, to be wholly attributed to that delightful intercourse of friendship with which you have been pleased to distinguish me. I know not how to thank you, Madam, for the hourly gratification I feel from those engrafted principles and perceptions, which the just, discriminate, and elegant mental endowments that adorn your very superior and accomplished mind, have so kindly and condescendingly awakened, refined, and implanted in my breast.

In short, permit me, Madam, to say, that, while I am indebted to your divine precepts for the blessing

of conscious self-approval, which affords me comfort in retirement, it is to the virtuous cheerfulness and gay spirit of your enlightened and sprightly mind I owe all the lively impulse to mirth that gives me estimation at the Table; and that, while you have, by your exquisite taste and resistless attractions, opened to me in this world a sweeter vision, you have bettered the prospect of the other by a purer spirit.

As all language is inadequate to the obligations I owe you, and all avowals of satisfaction incompetent to express the joy I feel in your society, permit me to hope, Madam, that through a life already much past the term of mortal existence, I may continue to be blessed with that solace, delight, and advantage I have ever enjoyed in the friendly and flattering regard with which you have been pleased to honour me, and for which no human heart can ever be more grateful than that of,

Madam,

Your most obedient, most obliged,

And most devoted humble Servant,

CHARLES MORRIS.

TO THE READER.

WITH regard to the trifles that follow, I beg leave to observe that I have set my face against the lyric scribblers of the last century, who, odious to relate, allowed not woman her true place in the heart. In all their songs of glee and gladness she was invariably placed below the bottle; and the thyrsus of Bacchus, like the wand of a necromancer, seemed only used to lay the spirit of Venus; woman was held out in *terrorem* to all happiness and joy, and to fly from her was the burthen of every song.

> "Scorn the nymph, and all her graces:
> Who 'd for Love or Beauty pine?"

How this ever could have entered into the mind of man is to me inconceivable. It is a monster of thought; and so disgustingly unnatural, that I hope, for the honour of the British heart, it will never be a principle of its mirth, or be heard of amongst us.

If I have done the heart and the sex justice in this case, it is no more, I trust, than what the gen-

tlemen of the present age will justify and approve. To the vulgar, perhaps, these little transcripts of the heart's impressions are less intelligible; and the voice of the impassioned Muse but an unmeaning and wearisome clamour. To eyes quickened and impressed with the vital touches of situation and sentiment, these simple sketches are offered; for to such eyes only are they visible. They were written to discipline anew the social bands of convivial life; to blend the sympathies of fellow-hearts; and wreathe a sweeter and gayer garland for the brow of Festivity, from the divine plants of Concord, Gratitude, Friendship, and Love. To please, by tracing the heart's best picture with the lively pencil of Gaiety, when under its sweetest influences, has, I repeat it, been my sole aim in these mirthful effusions, which I trust will carry with them no discredit to the heart's impressions; and sorry should I be, if, in attempting to sketch these ardent movements of the breast, where the glow of the feelings requires a warmth of expression, anything should be found that might pain the pure and gentle eye of Innocence, or offend the sage and sober morals of the wise and temperate. I have, with a severe hand, plucked every weed that might seem to hang too loosely and luxuriantly amongst the flowers of Fancy; and in

this, I trust, I have done all in the way of duty and discretion that a subject of animation and social excitement can possibly admit of.

The varied cast of these trifling productions will evidently show that they partake of, and are adapted to the habits and impressions of different periods of life. They are little ebullitions of the mind's varying impulses and habits, through the changeable progress of its age and inclinations; and are, I trust, a harmless and cheerful record of a social spirit's enjoyment, from the morning of youthful animation to the evening of aged serenity.

The Author has not the presumption to think the critics will bestow the trouble of inspection, or the gravity of judgment on the trifling productions of a man whose sole aim is to make his friends gay and merry around him, and humbly trusts that his motive may be his shield. However, as these little scraps have had the happy effect of cheering his own and his friends' spirits through two thirds of a century, they have served all the end proposed, and may now be torn to tatters, without the least injury or regret to the circles or societies for which they were written, all of whose members, alas! either sleep in the grave, or are, with the octogenary scribbler himself, hovering on its verge.

Most of these trifles being designed, as aforesaid, to enliven the friendly and festive Societies in which I have passed almost the whole of my life, I have given them a title indicative of such application. Some few have been penned in the country, in graver moments of retirement; and these, under favour of the reader's permission, I have taken the liberty to add.

I must also beg to say, that some of these scrawls were written during the sanguinary revolution of France, and a consequent war with Great Britain, ever to be deplored.

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LYRA URBANICA.

THE CHASTENING CUP.

THINK not, because I praise my glass,
That brute excess my song excites;
That Nature's charms unheeded pass,
And nought of mental joy delights:
Did not my soul's best feelings wake,
My fancy's sweetest visions rise,
Soon would my lip that fount forsake
Where now my bosom's blessing lies.

'T is the past ardours of my soul,
The glowing transcript of my joys,
That, brightly pictured in my bowl,
Enchant, and fill my moistening eyes;
'T is the sweet trace of raptured days,
That fondly glide through Memory's dream,
'T is that alone that wakes my praise,
And tempts me to the magic stream.

'T is warm devotion to those powers
That dwell in thought and mind alone;
'T is the sweet triumph of those hours,
When man's sublimest bliss is known:
Did not my glass this heaven disclose,
For ever tasteless would it be;
If there no blest Elysium rose,
Dead would be all its charms to me.

When wine unlocks my bosom's store,
It stirs no heartless boisterous noise;
Far from the thoughtless revel's roar
My raptured fancy reaps its joys;
My glass ne'er prompts the clamorous din
That bursts on Riot's senseless ear;
But feeds a softer fire within,
And soothes the breast with Memory's tear.

Yes! 't is a soul-subliming cup,
That, with its pure refining glow,
Still wakes and lifts each virtue up,
And shows Love's eye its heaven below:
Then say not to my ardent soul,
That vicious Folly prompts her mirth;
Love's holy fervour charms my bowl,
And Virtue gives that fervour birth.

THE DREAM OF LIFE.

LIFE, they say, 's a checquer'd dream,
Form'd to please and pain the heart:
Why then teach a rigid theme,
Still to shade its brighter part?
Let me take the blessing right,
If from Heaven a boon it be;
Set its joys within my sight,
And let Nature teach for me.

Feel I not within my frame
Powers planted there by Jove?
Must I question then their aim,
And deny their springs to move?
When in soft excess I melt,
Must I freeze the impassion'd tear;
Or when social fires are felt,
Quench the generous flame with fear?

" Yes," says Wisdom, " curb the sense,
Temper well this ardent heat;
Nature leads to sad offence,
If the pulse too wildly beat."
Vice may want this limit line:
'T is not in that path I stroll;
Purest Love 's a ray divine,
And connects with heaven the soul.

If the heart 's a mingled mass,
Teach to curb its baser part;
Heaven's blest spirit needs, alas!
Nought of man's mis-shaping art.
In the pure celestial flame
Grateful Nature sees her Sire,
Feels devotion thrill her frame,
And hails the light that feeds her fire.

Look through Earth's whole race, you 'll find
Nature's impulse fix'd on all.
Must then man, of all her kind,
Shape her laws and doubt her call?
From our Reason have we this?
Or from Learning is it got?
Live we but to question bliss?
Or the stamp of Heaven to blot?

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Morris (Capt. Chas.) Lyra Elegantica, or the Poetic Effusions of, portrait, 2 vols. 8vo, cloth, vol II. Hartford 1840
576

Plato may be call'd divine,
But in love I bar his plea;
Not *his* love, I 'm sure, but *mine*,
Is what Heaven meant love to be.
Far from me then, gods, this cant,
Nature's *law* is Nature's *will*:
Love, then, nursed by Virtue, grant;
And wake that Virtue, as I *fill*.

LOVE AND SENTIMENT.

Fly, venal Cytherea, fly!
No charms to me thy lures dispense;
Thy mockery cannot tempt mine eye,
Thy cold submission stir my sense.
Far from thy base love-mimick'd snare
The glowing soul of Nature flies,
Shock'd at the heartless bartering air
That lurks beneath thy practised eyes.

On me celestial Love hath shed
The beam that still to heaven aspires;
Pour'd o'er my raptured heart and head
Her fairest dreams and purest fires.
To me then nought avail thy arts,
Thy tricks of trade, thy prowling aim;
A sick disgust thy smile imparts,
And injured Passion loathes thy shame.

Thinkest thou, because in motley mirth
My festive Muse's form is drest,
She crawls a lowly brute on earth,
Or feeds with offal vice her breast?
Hearest thou not, cold and callous cheat!
The strains that from my bosom flow,
Spring from a heart that feels the heat
Of purest Passion's warmest glow?

Look on the lines my visage bears,
Look on the gleam that lights my eye,
There wilt thou see that fondest cares
Impress'd on pensive memory lie;
Askest thou this heart with love to meet
The shameless traffic of thine heart?
What can thy glance of base deceit
But hate to such a soul impart?

Fly, venal Cytherea, fly!
On me thy hackney'd course is lost;
Still on my ear thy whispers die,
Still in my heart thy views are crost.
Ne'er can thy wily lures debase
The holy flame that Heaven inspired;
Then turn from me thy market face,
And hide it where it can't be hired.

THE CHEERING CUP.

WORLDLY Wisdom's poisoning pleasure
Care's dull shadows round us spread;
Caution, thief of life's best treasure!
Filching bliss from every head;
While this cloud of sordid thinking
Hides from Nature all that 's dear,
Can ye blame a wretch for drinking,
Till bright Fancy's sun appear?

Do not lost benighted strangers
To the day their eyelids ope?
Or the shipwreck'd, in their dangers,
Catch the glimmering ray of hope?
Call not Fancy vain illusion—
Vain a blessing cannot be;
'T is a joyful sweet intrusion,
Foe to dulness, friend to me.

Shall I scorn Hope's magic power,
Ever mine when goblets flow?
And with spirits sad and sour,
Creep life's frozen round of woe?
Shall the heart wine lifts to heaven,
Stor'd with many a dream divine,
Pine on bitter worldly leaven,
When this cup of sweets is mine?

Let the chiding friends of Reason
Drop their gall on Fancy's wings;
Nature, smiling, mocks the treason,
When revolt from weakness springs.
Could they feel the blest emotion
Memory gives the impassioned brain,
Would they not, with wild devotion,
Pleased as I, the goblet drain?

When the soul, high touch'd by Passion,
Holds the flame that never dies;
Love, in sovereign exultation,
Triumphs as her glories rise:
Smiling, as our joy she traces,
Keener bids her impulse dart;
Wakes the force of all her graces,
And repays the raptured heart.

Till the sons of sober merit,
Sage in words and slow in soul,
Touch'd by Passion's quickening spirit,
Burn, as I do, round my bowl,
Let them plod, and preach, and rally,
Live on solids, I on air:
What they grasp I cannot value,
What I hold they cannot share.

See me, while my glass I 'm taking,
Flush'd by Memory's quickening light,
Cheering as the sun, when breaking
O'er the ransom'd captive's sight.
Ne'er the gods this bliss refuse me
When my hand can reach my cup;
Heaven rewards, though worlds accuse me,
And for Heaven I drink it up.

THE SOCIAL HOUR.

COME draw round the table, and link'd be our hearts,
Let Sympathy mingle our joys;
In the concert of Mirth let us all play our parts,
And charm off all care that annoys.
Fate gives the gay hour; then gay let us live,
And prove 't is not lost on our souls;
Our hearts in full glow to sweet Harmony give,
And Temperance measure our bowls.

Whate'er be our habits, our views, or our lot,
Let our spirits no trouble recall;
But Fancy entwine here her flower-wreathed knot,
And Mirth bind the charm round us all:
Be Love here; the vision that fills the mind's eye
And, if any see shade with its light,
The hearts that would clear it will find when they try,
Through a *glass* 't is more cheering and bright.

See the nectar-flush'd youth, when Love's ardours he shares,
And the heart's timid bodings remove,
How raised is the mortal from earth and its cares!
And how glowing and raptured his love!
See the coy reserved fair one, too formal to melt,
With looks coldly downcast and shy,
When the spark in her heart the warm sprinkle hath felt,
How it twinkles and talks in her eye!

See Age too, whose fire Time smothers in shade,
When this charm to his lip he applies,
Blaze afresh, and in Youth's rosy 'semblance array'd,
Like a phœnix, from ashes, arise!
Then who would not raise this sweet triumph of soul?
Create this blest scene of delight?
When the 'witching enchantment lies mix'd in the *bowl*,
And a *glass* brings the vision to sight.

Ever welcome this life-gilding glass to my eye,
That in beauty creation displays;
That stirs in my breast warm devotion and joy,
And wakes, in sweet blessings, my praise.

'T is the mirror of virtue, well prove it I can—
So temper'd 's my heart to my bowl,
It refines all the earth in the body of man,
And all spirit sublimes in the soul.

TO MY CUP.

Come, thou soul-reviving cup!
Try thy healing art;
Stir the fancy's visions up,
And warm my wasted heart.
Touch with freshening tints of bliss
Memory's fading dream;
Give me, while thy lip I kiss,
The heaven that's in thy stream.

As the 'witching fires of wine
Pierce through Time's past reign,
Gleams of joy, that once were mine,
Glimpse back on life again;
And if boding terrors rise
O'er my melting mind,
Hope still starts to clear my eyes,
And drinks the tear behind.

Then life's wintry shades, new drest,
Fair as summer seem;
Flowers I gather from my breast,
And sunshine from the stream.
As the cheering goblets pass,
Memory culls her store;
Scatters sweets around my glass,
And prompts my thirst for more.

4 Far from toils, the great and grave
To proud ambition give,
My little world kind Nature gave,
And simply bade me live.
On me she fix'd an humble art,
To deck the Muse's grove;
And on the nerve that twines my heart
The touch of deathless love.

Then, rosy god, this night let me
Thy cheering magic share;
Again let hope-fed Fancy see
Life's picture bright and fair.
Oh! steal from care my heart away,
To sip thy healing spring;
And let me taste that bliss to-day
To-morrow may not bring.

THE FANCY-STIRRING BOWL.

WHEN the fancy-stirring bowl
  Wakes its world of pleasure,
Glowing visions gild my soul,
  And life 's an endless treasure;
Memory warms my wasted heart,
  Fresh with youthful fires;
Rays divine my senses dart,
  And kindling Hope inspires.

Sweet Simplicity and Love
  Shed their softness round me;
Gather'd ills of life remove,
  And leave me as they found me:
Though my head may swim, yet true
  Still to Nature's feeling,
Peace and Beauty swim there too,
  And rock me as I 'm reeling.

On Youth's soft pillow Fancy's dream
A flattering lesson taught me;
Age soon mock'd the vain extreme,
And cold Experience caught me:
Fair terms, at last, to Love I put,
To court the pleasing gipsy;
When cool to keep my bosom shut,
But turn the key when tipsy.

Thus Time, to quench my struggling heart,
Unwilling to begin it,
Has kindly left one little part
That holds a spark within it:
That spark 's enough of Beauty's type
To warm an aged fellow;
And, though it touch me not when *ripe*,
It melts me still when *mellow*.

Life 's a voyage, they declare,
With scarce a pŏrt to hide in;
Perhaps it may to Pride and Care—
That 's not a sea I ride in.
Here floats my soul, till Fancy's eye
Her realms of bliss discover—
Bright worlds, that fair in prospect lie
To him that 's *half-seas over*.

FANCY'S GLASS.

When first the Muse my fancy drew,
'T was Love alone that waked my tongue;
No other earthly bliss I knew,
And from the heart alone I sung:
All themes to me were vain and cold
That tutors taught or sages said;
I sigh'd through all the tales they told,
And burn'd the more, the more I read.

Oh, could those early visions rise,
To Folly gladly would I pass,
And cheat again my wiser eyes
In Fancy's sweet illusive glass!—
But since *that glass* I can't restore
While sad Experience kills its rays,
Another glass I have in store,
Where sweet Deception ever plays.

While in its magic ring I move,
The cheerless beams of Wisdom die;
And sweetly steals the dream of Love
O'er pensive Memory's moistening eye.
Shine then, my glass —if false thy light,
The more thou cheatest, the more I 'm blest!
I sip, to dazzle Reason's sight,
And raise a charm in Fancy's breast.

FALSE PLEASURE.

THE lure of feign'd Love I detest:
If no stamp on the bosom there be,
The coin is too base for my breast,
And ne'er can be current with me.
When the heart's melting energies wake,
And Sympathy hallows Desire,
Then the bosom's soft impulse I take,
And glow in the soul-mingled fire.

But the trade of the sense I forswear,
The market of Meanness and Guile,
Where Want and Distaste hide their tear
In the mask of a heart-broken smile.
The 'semblance of Pleasure, thus shown,
Strikes death on the pulse of the heart;
The soul-shocking farce I disown,
And in sickness and sadness depart.

Oh, could the flush'd rake but discern
The motive that lives in the kiss,
When the lips of cold Misery turn
To barter their counterfeit bliss—
Could he bear the sad passive disgust
That breaks through the guinea-gain'd smile?
Could he see a heart dragg'd through the dust
For a purpose so joyless and vile?

But the brute may move pity at least
Whom fate has thus grossly combined,
Where the man seems transform'd to a beast,
And his frame to brute impulse confined;
For ne'er on a hog of *this* stye
Soft Sympathy's ardours have stole,
Ne'er tenderness swell'd in his eye,
Or loveliness sweeten'd his soul.

And ever 'mongst men will be found
Two sorts, from the Line to the Pole:
The coarse, in gross matter still bound;
And the finer, sublimed by the soul.
The one cannot feel or conceive
What the other but lives to improve;
Then on earth one to vice we must leave,
While the other reach heaven with love.

THE BUMPER.

My spirits are mounting, my heart 's full of glee;
Sweet Hope, like a rose, on my bumper I see;
My cares are all colour'd with joy as they pass;
And my soul is all sunshine when lit by my glass.

Away from my view fly the world and its strife!
The banquet of Fancy 's the feast of my life;
For Love's melting energies lurk in my soul,
And the fountain of bliss is let loose from my bowl.

They ask why I drink, and my answer is plain—
To gild with bright colours Life's picture again;
From the cold track of Care my warm heart to remove.
And revel, transported, with Nature and Love.

The fairer I fill, too, the fairer I think;
Mine isn't a clay that grows muddy with drink.
The bubbles that mount, in gay colours are drest,
And Love, the soft sediment, lies at my breast.

My spirits in bursts of wild sympathy start,
And friendship's kind current breaks pure from my heart:
An ardour so social inspires every thought,
That I curse the cold maxims that Caution hath taught.

What joy, soothing God! when thou bringst to my view
The scenes of wild softness my bosom once knew.
I gaze as fond Memory's vision goes by,
And *double* my bliss through the tear in my eye.

Then give me, great Gods, but a friend with my wine,
Whose heart hath been heated and soften'd like mine:
In social effusion we 'll cherish the soul,
And share the wild magic that lives in our bowl.

THE MAGIC GLASS.

COME! sip thy glass, my rosy lass,
'T will prove a blest infusion;
'T will witch thy sight with wild delight,
And brighten Love's illusion;
'T will round thée ope a world of hope,
A heaven of sweet emotion:
Then let's not blight the sure delight,
For want of true devotion.

Come!—with me dip thy blushing lip,
And help me mirth to mingle;
All bliss we see is sympathy—
True joy was never single.
No charm we prove, in wine or love,
Unless in mutual measure;
Then join thy hand, at Fate's command,
And touch the sparkling treasure.

Thy heart can boast a favourite toast,
And mine a partial feeling;
But in our glass, while thought shall pass,
We 'll taste without revealing.
No eye shall mark the sacred spark,
No tongue profane our rapture;
The vital flame 's too dear to name
In Folly's careless chapter.

The heart that 's felt still loves to melt;
Dry life suits no good fellow:
His world divine grows fresh with wine,
As Fancy's sun grows mellow.
If 't is the same in thy soft frame,
Tame life 's a tedious sorrow;
Then let 's to-night push on Delight,
And drag dull Care to-morrow.

REFLECTION.

When first my heart from Passion's ray
  Felt new-born animation,
How vivid shone the lover's day
  O'er Fancy's sweet creation!
What glowing colours tinged the beam
  Of Hope's high-pictured folly!
And, oh! what softness soothed the dream
  Of melting Melancholy!

But when Reflection's deadening shade
  Stole o'er this fairy season,
It found the dream my Fancy made
  Too bright for Life or Reason:
Dim and more dim the vision grew,
  As cold Experience chill'd it,
Till, touch'd by Truth, it lost its hue;
  And worldly Wisdom kill'd it.

Thus set my bosom's Sun in night—
And all I 've left of Pleasure
Is now a tear of sad delight
O'er Fancy's vanish'd treasure.
For Life's dull traffic sadly woke
My soul from rapturous dreaming;
And now the wreck of Age has broke
The charm past all redeeming.

"Basta! Let the world slide!"—SHAKSPEARE.

WELL, if your fine ears I must torture and teaze,
The sooner 't is done, you'll be sooner at ease;
When ladies request, it is ever my plan
To do as I 'm bid, and to please if I can.
So all I shall ask is a bit of a chorus
To spur my poor jade of a Muse on more fast;
When you join in her song
She goes gaily along,
And her speed and her spirit keep up to the last.

Oh, faith! in these times of confusion and strife,
A good hearty song 's a true comfort in life;
For where shall the friend of good-humour and ease
Find folks to laugh with him in moments like these?
We 're all politicians, debaters, and croakers,
And care and alarm on each brow ever sits:
'T is a terrible time for your wags and your jokers,
When all the whole Town's frighten'd out of its wits.

For me, I 'm resolved, and I hope you 'll approve,
To brighten my days with good liquor and love;
Use those I 've to come just as those I have past,
And sip and sing merrily on to the last.
The world 's a good world, and it sha' n't be my debtor;
No, faith! not a joy I can catch shall go by;
I 'll not scorn its gifts, and cry out for a better—
Since Heaven has sent me to *taste* and to *try*.

For those who can't love, and take wine as a dose,
Let 'em sulk o'er the potion, and keep their hearts close;
The silence of such not a tongue will dispute—
Such souls and such bodies are better when mute.
But we, who in Nature's keen energies revel,
And soar 'midst the fancy-warm'd flights of the soul,
Have a world of our own,
That can ne'er be o'erthrown
While there 's *heat* in the bosom or *hope* in the bowl.

Then here's to the eye, that illumines my day,
Gives light to my spirit and life to my clay!
The heart-cheering name, that whenever I sip
Still wakes on my fancy, but sleeps on my lip!
I leave *solid* Life to the friends of cool Reason;

To wake the bright visions of Fancy 's my plan—
And so sweetly they pass
In this magical *glass*,
That I always peep at it as long as I can.

THE ANTIDOTE.

COME, a toast!—'t is dismal weather,
Wine must clear this darken'd air;
Sunshine from the glass we 'll gather,
Beauty's image slumbers there:
Bright, in Passion's magic mirror,
Glow her charms when touch'd with wine;
Venus wakes if Fancy stir her,
And her sweetest smile is thine.

Like these icy clouds that blight us,
Reasoning sinks the heart with spleen;
But the sparkling goblets light us
Up to Love's celestial scene—
Dreams of joy will *there* transport thee,
Hope in fair fruition shine;
Sweetly varying visions court thee;
And a sip will make them thine.

Love 's the charm for life allotted!
Cheerful cups exalt the plan;
'T is the cold who live besotted,
Care 's the muddled state of man—
Mark the toils of Pride and Power,
See their victims fret in gloom;
Mirth 's the plant of Nature's bower,
And a sprinkle makes it bloom.

Take from me this truth, while drinking,
Life looks best through Fancy's eye.
Measure not its charms by *thinking*
Till its brighter aspects die;
Dive not in that sea of trouble,
Where no sun on man will shine—
Love 's at top, a precious bubble;
And a sip will make it thine.

Push then round the magic blessing,
Let the heart's illusions play;
Visions are well worth caressing,
Grasp the Juno of the day—
Charms divine grace earthly creatures,
When the Fancy paints in wine:
There live Love's best hopes and features,
And a sip will make them thine.

Leave to Heaven man's chequer'd measure,
Bless the mingled cup we drink;
With Life's care still mix its pleasure;
Firmly hope and justly think.
Gay, 'midst earth's still shifting sorrows,
Lightly tread, with trust divine;
Darkened days have fairer morrows,
And a sip will make them thine.

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

THE worst of all nonsense that ever was penn'd
To mock the vain Wisdom that toils to no end,
Is the cart-load of systems philosophers plan
For this self-moving world and the nature of man.

While fruitless they search with Philosophy's eye,
I take a good *glass*, and the purpose I spy;
See it moved by a sympathy, every night shown,
To take us along when we can't go alone.

Don't you see, as we reel, the world reels up and down,
She rolls in her fluid, and we in our own;
Thus going together, we still keep our ground,
And to-morrow, thank Heaven, we 're sure to come
round.

Then, as to the *matter* that makes up this ball,
We 're all *spirits*, with us 't is no *matter* at all;
If 't is *life*, keep it up—and if *dust*, as they tell,
Why, before it flies of, let us sprinkle it well.

Some say that by water or fire it steers,
Talk of atoms and essence, of orbits and spheres;
But let Newton, Descartes, and old Ptolemy doze,
As *we* push it about 's the right way the world goes.

Then as to its age—it shall be what you please,
Either heathen, Mosaic, Gentoo, or Chinese;
The age, golden, silver, or iron, may be,
If it is but well *temper'd*, 't is *metal* for me.

Some say we're immortal, some doubt that 'tis true;
I trust that we are, and believe it so too;
For I find, by the virtues that rise from my bowl,
A spirit divine wakes the bliss of my soul.

But "Where lies the soul?" impious sceptics exclaim;
For *us*, we adore, and ne'er question the flame;
The full blessing we own, and, in scorn of all doubt,
We still feel it most when good wine brings it out.

Dry wine shows the soul in the East to their shame,
The water-chill'd Turk robs the sex of this claim;
And warm'd to no energy, coldly denies
The soul's living spirit that speaks in their eyes.

Then if souls be a spark of celestial birth,
'T is our nature to raise the blest flame while on earth;

And if nothing we are and from emptiness came,
Why, we *empty* by instinct, and *nothing*'s to blame.

Of man and his joys these philosophers say
He 's a poor earthen vessel, but made for a day;
But we know if 'tis *sound* when 'tis empty and dies,
This vessel, well fill'd with blest spirit, will rise.

Then on subjects where fools are as wise as the sage,
When we 've one we *can* fathom, why should we engage?
Since Wit cannot clear it, why puzzle our souls?
Let Time clear the *riddle*, while we clear the *bowls*.

FLIGHTS OF FANCY.

WHILE feeding his love-dream gay Fancy grows
mellow—
What bliss doth its visions impart!
Care flies from the glass of the blithe-bosom'd fellow,
And life hath no thorn for his heart;
Love holds him her mirror to brighten creation,
Sweet Hope throws her beam o'er his soul,
The Virtues shine round him in bright constellation,
And heaven reflects from his bowl.

Still, Bacchus, then let the soul share thy twin powers,
In turn all its energies take;
Keen, keen be the joys that still bless present hours,
And soft the past sorrows that wake.
In turn let the eye, gaily dancing in pleasure,
See life in bright witchery shine;
In turn let it melt o'er its time-wasted treasure,
And glisten with moisture divine.

Oh! still let me see glowing Sympathy's features,
Where bosoms congenial unite;
Nor waste my warm spirits on cold-hearted creatures,
Untouch'd by this soul-cheering light.
For *this* ever flows to thee, bliss-breathing Venus!
The love-waking cup that I drain,
For Wisdom's cold cloud never yet came between us,
To shade the soft beam from my brain.

Bright goddess of beauty, still lead from my revels
The soul where the tear will not start—
No difference I know betwixt angels and devils,
But the flow or the flint of the heart.
Drive, drive from my footstep the wise and the wary,
I steer not by cunning or pride;
I ask but to drift as Life's current may vary,
And float upon Nature's clear tide.

Come ye, then, who've shared the soft ardours of Beauty,
Fill with me, to call them to sight;
For Wine, if the spring of the heart do its duty,
Unlocks the sweet stores of delight.
Oh! sprinkle the seeds in fond Fancy's creation,
And bright will your Paradise glow;
Let Love, with the glass, wake her blest inspiration,
And man has his heaven below.

TO SENSIBILITY.

SWEET tyrant! whose touch on my youth long imprest
A pensive excess that o'ershadowed my day,
Oh! bring back the dream, then too soft for my breast,
And turn the harsh leaf of Life's lesson away.

With Nature I then could contemplative rove,
Could melt o'er the bliss her sweet beauties inspire;
Could lean in pure faith to the whisper of Love,
And tune to Hope's accents my soul-cheering lyre.

Oh! come then, though late, thy blest visions renew,
A last soothing ray of that rapture impart;
When Eastern Eliza first burst on my view,
And waked the witched phrenzy that wasted my heart.

Oh! cast a bright ray o'er Reality's shade,
Gild Reason's cold cloud with warm beams of delight;
Bid the close of Hope's eye be one moment delay'd,
And a glimpse of lost Fancy steal back on my sight.

I ask it in pity, ere life leave my breast,
For languor and sorrow gain fast as I wear;
No more on its joys my duped Fancy dare rest,
And Hope's dying picture fades fast to despair.

I view with a tear sordid Life's sully'd leaf,
The world's busy mart's a bleak waste I deplore;
To the last gasp of Fancy, then, grant a relief,
Or blunt the pain'd sense till it struggle no more.

Ye Fates, then, if yet on your spindles ye 've got
One length of pure thread for my future decree,
Oh! twine it with haste in Love's fanciful knot*,
And let the love-token bring Fancy to me.

* True-lovers' knot.

THE BOWER OF BLISS.

Oh! with such nectar in our hands,
  Such beauty in our eyes,
We 're blest as Jove's high revelling bands,
  When Ida shakes the skies.
Nay, e'en than Ida's groves more bright,
  Here bloom the bowers of bliss;
Then, Gods, those seats be your delight,
  And leave me seats like this.

If mighty Jove quit wisdom's air,
  And bid his frown depart,
Shall man sit slumbering in his chair,
  When Beauty claims his heart?
Shall not we mortals sip and sing,
  When from the sparkling bowl
He catches blessings as they spring,
  Who bids the thunder roll?

What soul by Beauty thus inspired
  Could check its ardent glow?
What heart could here, by Bacchus fired,
  Forbid its mirth to flow?
The eye must sense of sight resign
  That here unmoved could gaze;
The tongue be past all power of wine
  That here withheld its praise.

For me, I shun what stirs the breast
  Of proud and busy man—
Those fruits that leave the soul unblest,
  And mock Life's little span.
I cull not in those joyless fields
  A crop of weeds and woe,
But pick the flowers that Nature yields,
  And seek them where they grow.

No wealth to me is worth a sigh
  But pure responsive Love;
And man can neither bribe nor buy
  That blessing from above:
From Nature's heavenly hand it flows,
  Not dealt by earthly will;
The balmy plant for human woes,
  Unforced by human skill.

Then let 's, ye wise ones, split the case:—
The grave still weigh their joys,
While Folly's child runs Folly's race,
To laugh, and snatch her toys;
The Sage Life's cheering path may shun
For Wisdom's shady way,
While I, an insect, court the sun,
And frisk in cheerful day.

I ask but sprightly Hope at morn,
To wake at night my glee;
A life of health, through honour borne,
With Love and Liberty.
While Fate these precious gifts supplies,
Which Heaven ne'er meant to part,
High shall my mantling goblet rise,
And grateful beat my heart.

CARE DEFIED.

Now, Care, I'm thy match! see, the soul-melting spring
Lies ready its balm to impart;
And Fancy awaking, with Love on her wing,
Soft whispers her dream to my heart:
Hope darts like a sunbeam her ray on my wine,
To brighten Life's shadows below;
And Memory opens the visions divine
Where the soul's sensibilities glow.

In view of this heaven that dawns o'er my mind,
Is caution a precept for me;
Because a dull sot merely drinks till he 's blind,
And these lights of the soul doesn't see?
Or though sour Peevishness sicken, unblest,
More fretful when more in his wine,
Must I lose the rapture that swells in my breast,
When the grape is not sour in mine?

All mortals allow, both the weak and the wise,
That through this dark valley of woe
Love only, of all earthly lights it supplies,
Can brighten the shade as we go;
If Love 's the sole solace we mortals can find,
How blest is that high-favour'd sight
Which meets in its path this sweet charm for mankind,
And to heaven is led by its light.

Don't bid me read Life with Philosophy's eye,
While Passion's soft fervours are mine;
In Reason's dry book I 'm already too wise,
And I seek to unlearn it in wine.
When cool, Cupid's touch meets a shield in my soul,
So age has now weaken'd his dart;
Then if the blest flame only glows in the bowl,
Let Folly rekindle my heart.

Away then the nonsense of Caution and Care,
It suits not Simplicity's soul;
The knave wants it all—and I give him my share
For that magical mirror, my bowl.
There wakes the sweet dream that brings bliss to my breast,
There dwells a soft presence divine;
And to the world's worship I give all the rest
Save the image that lives in my wine.

Then flow, thou blest fountain of magic delight!
Thy witching illusions display;
Oh! deck my loved idol enchantingly bright,
And melt icy Wisdom away.
Let thy spirit's sweet spell raise the charms of my love;
For, though deaden'd by Wisdom they lie,
When Fancy grows mellow that death I remove,
And rekindle my heart in her eye.

ANACREONTIC.

ANACREON, bring thy harp, my boy!
And touch the thrilling chord of joy,
That mirth may ripen as I kiss
The mellow cup that feeds my bliss.
At the goblet's tinkling sound,
Wake responsive rapture round;
Till, in concert with my soul,
All are blest who share my bowl.

Let me picture, as I tope,
Visions of life-cheering Hope;
Throw Life's Winter back to Spring,
And, Bacchus, wake the bliss I sing.
Thou too, Venus, thou who art
Regent of my subject heart,
Loose thy zone, and with thy smile
Witch my votive soul awhile.

With thy nymphs, in wanton play,
Roll'd my heedless youth away,
Roving still as Folly led,
And Mirth her varied banquet spread;
Now, O goddess! wouldst thou show
Favour to thy slave below,
Let the wish from Nature rise
When my yielding Phillis sighs.

Brow-bound Bacchus, from thy glow
Springs all bliss my age can know;
Every vanish'd joy I see,
Bright as life, renew'd by thee:
In thy bowl my fervid brain
Drinks the stream of bliss again;
In thy glass reflected play
All the sweets that bless'd my day.

THE FRIENDLY FLASK.

A CHEERFUL toper am I,
With Fancy and Mirth I dwell;
My flask is the friend I try,
And I thank him, he serves me well.
With his fire he clears my view,
With his spirit he helps my heart,
With his magic he makes things new,
And with truth he keeps off all art.

Oh! sweet is his cheering aid,
To brighten our clouded hour,
When in potions discreetly weigh'd
We urge not too far his power;
When the sprightly hope of the heart
Sees the picture of Life more fair;
When the bodings of Fear depart,
And flown are the shades of Care.

Don't think I drink like a brute,
With nothing in heart or head;
No—then would my song be mute,
And my liquor, alas! be dead:
My heart is with Passion stored,
My head is with Fancy gay;
And I love the festive board,
As a stage where my soul can play.

I 'm not of the sots who drink
To deaden Reflection's ray;
I sip to more keenly think,
And give Nature a brisker play;
I 've the lesson of Love been taught,
And my wine is a magic spring,
That, raising the charm of Thought,
Seats Beauty on Fancy's wing.

The bosom is all delight
While Nature directs the heart;
But, alas! how it flies our sight
When we seek it in mode or art.
The Goddess resents her wrong,
When we quit for the world her train;
And take my word in a song,
She never comes back again.

Then here let the heart have play,
And beat as it first began;
All art and grimace give way
That sully the soul of man.
The cunning may think they 're wise,
But the craft of the world 's no gain;
'T is better to turn our eyes
Than learn the lesson of Pain.

No fashion this glass controls,
A mirror to Nature true,
That takes the tinge of our souls,
Whatever their stain or hue.
The fount is all shade or shine,
As gloomy or gay our will;
For we ever receive from Wine
The spirit with which we fill.

This juice when taken in mirth
Will sweetly to man incline,
And yield the best balm on earth—
The spirit of health in wine.
But when in a peevish mood
Gay Bacchus perceives we sup,
He scorns to mix with our blood,
And he sours the sulky cup.

Then far from my sight away
May rankling Spleen remove,
And round my head still play
The visions of Mirth and Love;
To charm my moistening eye,
Her stores may Memory bring;
And round my glass still fly
A feather from Cupid's wing.

With Nature and Love I 'll live,
While Fancy can charm my brain,
And to others will freely give
Whatever their cares may gain;
I ask but to press my grape
While the sons of the world toil on;
And while others their burthen scrape,
Be happy with those who 've none.

Then here 's to the cheerful lass
Whose spirit still charms my ear,
And sounds on my magic glass
A name to my fancy dear.
All mortals I hope, like me,
Have a goddess to wake their bliss;
For wherever their steps may be,
No heaven 's on earth but this.

LOVE, THE BALM OF LIFE.

Now, by Music charmed to rest,
Slumbers Care in Sorrow's breast;
Then, before he wakes to try
Poisoned shafts that pointed lie,
Cupid! with thy touch create
Charms that foil the tyrant's hate,
Minds that mutual wishes share
Pointless find the shafts of Care.

Need I tell the melting maid
With what power soft Love's array'd?
What is Life with Love unblest?
Tasteless strife and joyless rest.
What is Life when wishes meet?
Raptured toil and leisure sweet.
Shall we then, with choice like this,
Seize our bane and slight our bliss?

Kings and slaves too but endure
Carés and toils—for Love to cure.
Where 's the balm to Misery known?
In the eye of Love alone.
Where 's the aim of Power or Art,
But to win a fellow-heart?
What without it were this ball?
Solitary sorrow all?

Cynics say the world supplies
Nought of worth to Reason's eyes;
But we know the soul can share
Every bliss when Love is there.
If we 're free and rove around,
'T is to seek till Love be found;
If in toils or chains we are,
Love gilds every bolt and bar.

Gods of joy, then, 'midst my mirth,
Give the precious blessing birth!
Never, Venus, have I yet
Strove to break thy silken net;
Never, Bacchus, left thy train
While thou fedst my glowing brain.
Ever then, sweet gods, combine—
Touch my heart and tinge my wine!

LIFE 'S A FABLE.

WELL, if you choose my frolic Muse,
And think her noise won't teaze you,
With humble skill she 'll wait your will,
And try her wing, to please you.
The sportive lass can help our glass
At every stage of pleasure,
To every sight can pitch her flight,
And trip in every measure.

Chorus.

Then roll along, my lyric song;
It seasons well the table,
And tells a truth to Age and Youth,
That Life 's a fleeting fable.

Few live below like me, I know,
On dreams and airy fancies;
Your sober folk think love a joke,
And call them vain romances.

But pleased awhile through life to smile,
I shun these close inspectors,
And while they view with optics true,
I *squint* through these *reflectors**.

I 'll ne'er remove the dream of Love,
Since here it fixed its station;
It shoots a flame through all my frame
That brightens all creation;
My early fate hath filled my pate
With Fancy's magic folly,
And touched with wine the visions shine
Still brightest when I 'm jolly.

Old Horace when he dipped his pen
'T was wine he had resort to,
He chose for use Falernian juice,
As I choose old Oporto;
At every bout an ode came out,
Yet Bacchus kept him twinkling;
As well aware more fire was there,
Which wanted but the sprinkling.

Anacreon's harp was harsh and sharp
Till wine had tuned his finger;

* The glass.

Alcæus till he 'd got his fill
Found all his genius linger;
Old Ennius too could nothing do
Till bumpers made him rhymy;
And when I sing 't is not the thing
Unless the bottle 's by me.

As well as mirth, good wine gave birth
To many a sad epistle;
Poor Sappho oft, when Phaon scoff'd,
Would wet her Lesbian whistle;
Propertius whined, with tipsy mind,
For Cynthia's cold injustice;
And Ovid, for he could no more
Drink round with great Augustus.

Nay, Jove, we 're taught, from nectar caught
His jovial way of thinking,
And every sport that graced his court
Was seasoned well with drinking.
Each goddess there who took her share
Still found her eyes more killing;
And night or day they ne'er said nay,
While Ganymede kept filling.

Thus Mirth and Woe the brighter show
From rosy wine's reflection
From first to last—this truth hath past;
'T was made for Care's correction.
Then what those think who water drink
Of these old rules of Horace
I sha'n't now show—but this I know,
His rules do well for MORRIS.

TO LOVE!

CHEERING light on Sorrow's way,
Solace of Oppression's day,
Shield of proof to every woe,
Soul of Valour here below,
Source to which all joys belong—
Love! to thee I raise my song.

Oft in youth thy melting ray
Chased the mist of Sorrow's day;
Oft in manhood with thy light
Cheer'd was many a care-worn night;
And in age thy gleams that pass
Sweetly tremble round my glass.

Thus, as o'er my lingering eyes
Memory's fleeting visions rise,
Or o'er fading Fancy's wings
Time his darkening vapour flings,
Still, as light or shadow reign,
All is pleasure, all is pain.

Let me wander where I will
Tender visions haunt me still;
Fancy pictures in the grove
All the native form of Love;
And in life its mask I see
Dressed in loose-robed Fallacy.

Flame divine, whose mental heat
Starts the tear from Passion's seat;
Soul of joy, that gives the earth
All its charm and all its worth:
Take, ere I 'm of life bereft,
The last sweet parting tear I 've left.

RETROSPECTION.

CHARM of those melting soul-fed eyes,
  Soft meditative ray I love,
Where sacred Passion musing lies,
  And courts the shadows of the grove;
Oh! mix thy pensive beams with mine,
  A kindred nature to console;
Give me that fellow heart of thine,
  And take in turn my destined soul.

What though I 've long seem'd loosely gay,
  The life of many an idle throng,
Thou knowest my heart 's now far away,
  And pines through many a sprightly song;
Sought as the fount where Joy had birth,
  My days in festive frolic flew;
Nightly I led the dull to Mirth,
  Or fired the brains of Folly's crew.

Ah! then my Muse's cheering strain
Was medicine to the wretch's care;
It eased the broken spendthrift's pain,
Or roused to mirth the ruin'd fair;
Still round my bowl Life's sufferers clung,
To try Delusion's short-lived jest;
Still there my Muse, with willing tongue,
Sang comfort to the sinking breast.

Then heedless play'd my vacant heart,
No mental love there fix'd its spell;
Light as the air flew Folly's dart,
And shot by Whim, at random fell:
But now, alas! how changed her tones:
A fire resistless melts my soul;
In lonely plaints my spirit moans,
And boding terrors shade my bowl.

Pensive I sit thy worth to poise
Against the deeds my days supply;
Trembling review my shameless joys,
And dread thy shock'd reproving eye.
Yet let me tell that eye, at last,
Where Love's redeeming power I see,
The desert path is wisely pass'd
That leads, at length, to Heaven and thee.

THE SUNBEAM OF LIFE.

What sameness in that life prevails
Which Love has left for many a season!
How faintly hope of joy assails,
How cold the fancy, calm the reason!

How dimly beams the sated eye,
How feebly stirs the senses' motion!
How frequent steals the weary sigh,
While languor drains life's vapid potion!

The glow that made the morning bright,
The light that wak'd and charm'd the bosom,
Now weaken on thy waning sight,
Till in our evening hour we lose 'em.

Thus when the Sun's ray leaves the sky,
Awhile we sit, the twilight praising,
Till Night steal Nature from our eye,
And lonely darkness close our gazing.

CARE BANISHED.

CARE, Care, away!—'t is not thy day;
In vulgar hour thy debt we 'll pay:
See! Fancy's blissful vision rise,
A charm which all thy rage defies;
The spark ethereal and divine,
That lights to heaven when touch'd with wine,
That sets the immortal spirit free,
And bids thee fly our revelry.

Go, haggard! go, prepare thy woe
For those whose bosoms never glow;
For us, we feel within our soul
Kind Nature's best affections roll;
And well thou knowest the social heart
Disowns thy sway, and scorns thy dart.
Then, quick begone! for here thou 'lt be
The jest of all our revelry.

And now thou'rt fled, may Fancy tread
The magic bower by Beauty spread;
And Love's bewitching light disclose
To Memory all the bliss it knows;
Till, streaming from the raptured soul,
The heart's effusion zests the bowl,
And wakes those joys which all agree
Make Friendship's happiest revelry.

The hearts, we know, where passions glow
Are types of heaven's best work below;
The jovial and the generous breasts
Are still the seats where Virtue rests:
A free-lived fervour marks the brave,
A close-lived coldness brands the knave;
Then, Care consume the wretch, while we
Let loose our souls in revelry.

In this gay seat, where pleasures meet,
Where Wit and Mirth and Love retreat;
This tempting garden, doubly stored
To lure the sense and cheer the board,
Let 's prove the blessings Fate imparts
Not wasted on our manly hearts;
But grateful take the gods' decree,
And taste like gods our revelry.

THE CONTRAST.

In London I never know what I 'd be at,
Enraptured with this, and enchanted with that;
I 'm wild with the sweets of Variety's plan,
And Life seems a blessing too happy for man.

But the Country, God help me! sets all matters right,
So calm and composing from morning to night;
Oh! it settles the spirits when nothing is seen
But an ass on a common, a goose on a green.

In town if it rain, why it damps not our hope,
The eye has her choice, and the fancy her scope;
What harm though it pour whole nights or whole days?
It spoils not our prospects, or stops not our ways.

In the country what bliss, when it rains in the fields,
To live on the transports that shuttlecock yields;
Or go crawling from window to window, to see
A pig on a dunghill, or crow on a tree.

In London, if folks ill together are put,
A *bore* may be dropp'd, and a *quiz* may be cut:
We change without end; and if lazy or ill,
All wants are at hand, and all wishes at will.

In the country you 're nail'd, like a pale in the park,
To some *stick* of a neighbour that 's cramm'd in the ark;
And 't is odds, if you 're hurt, or in fits tumble down,
You reach death ere the doctor can reach you from town.

In London how easy we visit and meet,
Gay pleasure 's the theme, and sweet smiles are our treat;
Our morning 's a round of good humour'd delight,
And we rattle, in comfort, to pleasure at night.

In the country, how sprightly! our visits we make
Through ten miles of mud, for Formality's sake;
With the coachman in drink, and the moon in a fog,
And no thought in your head but a ditch or a bog.

In London the spirits are cheerful and light,
All places are gay and all faces are bright;
We 've ever new joys, and reviv'd by each whim,
Each day on a fresh tide of pleasure we swim.

But how gay in the country! what summer delight
To be waiting for winter from morning to night!
Then the fret of impatience gives exquisite glee
To relish the sweet rural objects we see.

In town we 've no use for the skies overhead,
For when the sun rises then we go to bed;
And as to that old-fashioned virgin the moon,
She shines out of season, like satin in June.

In the country these planets delightfully glare
Just to show us the object we want is n't there:
Oh, how cheering and gay, when their beauties arise,
To sit and gaze round with the tears in one's eyes!

But 't is in the country alone we can find
That happy resource, that relief to the mind,
When, drove to despair, our last effort we make,
And drag the old fish-pond, for Novelty's sake:

Indeed I must own, 't is a pleasure complete
To see ladies well draggled and wet in their feet;
But what is all that to the transport we feel
When we capture, in triumph, two toads and an eel?

I have heard though, that love in a cottage is sweet,
When two hearts in one link of soft sympathy meet:

That 's to come—for as yet I, alas! am a swain
Who require, I own it, more links to my chain.

Your magpies and stock-doves may flirt among trees,
And chatter their transports in groves, if they please;
But a house is much more to my taste than a tree,
And for groves, oh! a good grove of chimneys for me.

In the country, if Cupid should find a man out,
The poor tortured victim mopes hopeless about;
But in London, thank heaven! our peace is secure,
Where for one eye to kill, there 's a thousand to cure.

I know Love 's a devil, too subtle to spy,
That shoots through the soul, from the beam of an eye;
But in London these devils so quick fly about,
That a new devil still drives an old devil out.

In town let me live then, in town let me die;
For in truth I can't relish the country, not I.
If one must have a villa in summer to dwell,
Oh, give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall!

SEPARATION.

FAR from my love, alas! I mourn,
For Fate has torn our hearts in twain;
Long, self-consuming, will they burn,
But never blend their fires again.

Nought 's left our sever'd breasts to move
But Memory's pang and Misery's sting;
Nought hovers o'er this wreck of Love,
But Time's cold lingering leaden wing.

Oh! must I bear, in sorrow drown'd,
Of Life the stagnant cheerless pause?
And feel how Nature dies around,
When all the bosom's sun withdraws?

Must I, 'midst those the world can please,
In deadly shade for ever mourn?
No—far I 'll hide my soul's disease,
And rove through Frenzy's wilds alone.

Yes! since the world 's a night to me,
I 'll pass in dreams my darken'd hours;
Quit scenes where nought but weeds I see,
And wander 'midst ideal flowers.

THE TOPER'S APOLOGY.

I 'm often ask'd by plodding souls,
And men of crafty tongue,
What joy I find in draining bowls,
And tippling all night long.
Now, though these cautious knaves I scorn,
For once I 'll not disdain
To tell them why I sit till morn,
And fill my glass again;

'Tis by the glow my bumper gives
Life's picture 's mellow made;
The fading light then brightly lives,
And softly sinks the shade;
Some happier tint still rises there
With every drop I drain—
And that I think 's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

My Muse, too, when her wings are dry
No frolic flight will take;
But round a bowl she 'll dip and fly,
Like swallows round a lake.
Then if the nymph will have her share,
Before she 'll bless her swain—
Why that I think 's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

In life I 've rung all changes too,
Run every pleasure down,
Tried all extremes of Fancy through,
And lived with half the town;
For me there 's nothing new or rare,
Till wine deceives my brain—
And that I think 's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

Then, many a lad I liked is dead,
And many a lass grown old;
And, as the lesson strikes my head,
My weary heart grows cold.
But wine, awhile, holds off despair,
Nay, bids a hope remain—
And that I think 's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

Then hipp'd and vex'd at England's state
In these convulsive days,
I can't endure the ruin'd fate,
My sober eye surveys;
But, 'midst the bottle's dazzling glare,
I see the gloom less plain—
And that I think 's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

I find, too, when I stint my glass,
And sit with sober air,
I 'm prosed by some dull reasoning ass,
Who treads the path of care;
Or, harder tax'd, I 'm forced to bear
Some coxcomb's fribbling strain—
And that I think 's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

Nay, don't we see Love's fetters, too,
With different holds entwine?
While nought but death can some undo,
There 's some give way to wine.
With me the lighter head I wear
The lighter hangs the chain—
And that I think 's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

And now I'll tell, to end my song,
At what I most repine:
This cursed war, or right or wrong,
Is war against all wine;
Nay, Port, they say, will soon be rare
As juice of France or Spain—
And that I think 's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

RETIREMENT.

WHEN seated in my lonely cot,
Cheer'd with a cup of mantling ale,
Life's ills and follies all forgot,
I seem like one who 's freed from gaol:
Light beats my heart, my fancy plays,
And sure and safe I seem to hide;
I feel I 've slipp'd from Mischief's ways,
And from Care's current turn'd aside.

My little mouthful sweetly tastes,
My thoughts in meek devotion rest,
My hour in soothing quiet wastes,
And Nature fills and guides my breast:
" Ah, me!" I cry, " here lies the track
That all would find, yet none pursue,
Fair path, on which man turns his back
Till thorns and briers choak his view."

Then sad Experience tells her tale,
The punish'd hearts their error own;
But, ah! in age no proofs avail—
The prize is lost, the race is done!
Then let me, ere the path I miss,
Before my step in error strays,
Hold Nature's creed, accept her bliss,
And save from grief my closing days.

Let me, with soft Affection blest,
The placid hours of life improve;
Ah! let me find one faithful breast,
And be that faith the child of Love.
Pride strays by treacherous light 't is known;
Fame, Power, and Grandeur bring but woe;
For Heaven reserved Content alone
To bless pure Nature's path below.

Man, duped by vain illusion, tries
To grasp at wealth, or stride to thrones;
But, when he 's gain'd the treacherous prize,
Dead falls the charm that Heaven disowns.
Vain all the views our vices frame,
They rest not on just Nature's laws;
They rise in Pride's distorted aim;
And vain 's th' effect, as vain the cause.

Then while I pray the gods to guide
My bosom's hope by Nature's clue,
May nought ere turn my heart aside
To seek the fruit my life must rue.
Heaven sweetly safe hath fix'd my lot;
And, while the proud man's efforts fail,
Dear let me hold my lonely cot,
And grateful sip my mantling ale.

THE SOCIAL BOARD.

WHY, how can I sing?—I 've done nothing but cram;
I 've ate beyond measure or level:
My throat 's full of chicken, my mouth full of ham,
And I 'm sure I shall dream of the devil.
But, faith! for that matter, some more I could name
A'n't willing, I find, to grow thinner;
For me, I protest, if it was n't for shame,
I could pick till to-morrow at dinner.

Chorus.

Your fowls are such pretty poetical things,
I always make sure of a couple of wings,
To keep up the flights of my Muse while she sings
Love is the life of Creation!

Your poets may tipple the Helicon spring,
And feed upon fancy or fable;
For bards of my sort a good dinner 's the thing,
And the glow of a well-furnish'd table.

Some Cupids think Bacchus a foe to their darts,
And eating a shield against folly;
But *my* Cupid 's a devil for jellies and tarts,
And he always shoots best when he 's *jolly*.
Your fowls, &c.

Mine is n't a love that pines under a tree,
Or turns up its nose at good dishes;
My heart and my stomach most sweetly agree,
And my jaws ever jump with my wishes.
I own there are appetites nourish'd with sighs,
And others for tears have a notion;
But I find a sweet solace in custards and pies,
And in soup the true melting emotion.
Your fowls, &c.

Yes, mine is a flame by good dinners kept warm,
If raptures a'n't feasted I lose 'em;
But all beauty has power to light up the charm,
When I find I 'm well stuff 'd in my bosom.
The smiles of my charmers are sauce to my meat,
And their frowns (though a mighty disaster)
Are bitters, that give me a craving to eat,
And I only stuff ten times the faster.
Your fowls, &c.

Oh! as to the treasures of Mirth and of Love,
My heart is a fount ever flowing;
I've spirits to keep up the banquets of Love,
And a bumper will set me a-going.
But, as there are friends, of more musical tongue,
To back an old croaking beginner,
I hope from their budget they'll pick out a song,
While I pick—a little more dinner!
Your fowls, &c.

THE DEFENCE.

You tell me, dear Anna, my humour 's too gay,
That I revel and riot my senses away,
That the charms of the table all others subdue,
And you 're sure, very sure, I 've less feeling than you.

For once thy keen judgment mistakes, my dear lass;
'Tis the spur of fix'd passion that goads to my glass:
Were it not for its ardours in heart and in head,
My song would be mute, and my liquor be dead.

I own I am charm'd at the Bacchanal's board,
Where Sympathy's honour'd and Woman adored;
A heart in excess calmer life cannot bear,
And Love's wildest fervours find fellowship there.

'Tis *there*, my dear Anna, when wretches repine,
The soul sees a heaven, unseen but in wine,
Drinks bliss more sublime than with Wisdom can live,
And paints in rich colours no Reason can give.

Thou knowest when my taste for the grove I confess'd,
The theme was thy scorn, and thy answer a jest:
"An innocent shepherd!" thou saidst, "I must own;
What! a *lamb* and a *crook* for a *rake* of the town?"

But true it is, Anna, soft Nature has spread
The dream of the heart round my racketing head,
Condemn'd me in paths of gay Folly to rove,
Yet wander through life a grave victim of Love.

And there, my dear Anna, the cause thou wilt see
Why Gold's valued charm is no treasure to me,
Why Life's plodding traffic is joyless control,
And Care's gather'd heap the cold grave of my soul.

Then blame not a nature I cannot subdue,
If it catch from deceit what it cannot from you;
If in draughts of Illusion thy scorn I remove,
And raise from my cup the sweet phantom of Love!

Thine eye, where no hope when I'm pensive is mine,
Seems sweetly to melt as it plays in my wine;
There, raptured, I see all its rigours depart,
And Joy steals a tear from the grief of my heart.

Ah! wouldst thou then (doubly to curse a poor swain)
Forbid the soft solace he seeks in his pain?

Still add with cold looks to the substance of Care,
And snatch the kind shadow that soothes his despair.

Thou canst not believe, what e'en drunkards disclaim,
That a mean senseless course of brute folly's my aim:
Thou knowest a devotion too tender, alas!
Ever glows in my breast, and still hallows my glass.

Then spare me these censures—and say not you think
My heart's with the world, when with others I drink.
In accents more mild pass a judgment more true—
It lives thus with others to live but with you.

MIRTH'S INVOCATION.

To wake the board to mirth and song,
My spirit's prompt in duty;
I hold delay a churlish wrong,
When spurr'd by Wine and Beauty.
No cold excuse, to check the glow,
E'er follows me to table:
I wasn't made to answer "No;"
But willing am and able.

No work to me more grateful seems
Than helping Joy's diffusion;
Than quickening Pleasure's kindling beams,
And brightening Hope's illusion.
To snatch a spark divine's my task;
And when such eyes inspire,
This burning glass * is all I ask
To draw celestial fire.

* The goblet.

Let Caution shape her cloudy flight
By Wisdom's careful measure;
I 'll raise no cloud to bound the sight
That looks to Mirth and Pleasure.
Care marks the wary drone with gloom,
And wastes with early sorrow;
But leaves sweet Nature's child to bloom
And freshen with the morrow.

Come, Mirth, then, ever brisk and young,
Sweet romp of Hebe's bower;
And with thee Bacchus bring along,
To aid thy frolic power.
Worn with the extremes of Passion's day,
And weak with past emotion,
A sufferer asks with thee to play,
And sip his healing potion.

Oh! bid him tinge with Hope his stream;
And while he Care effaces,
Do thou light up the cheering beam
That gilds the Memory's traces.
May smiles be still to care-worn lips
The fruit of thy endeavour;
And be his cup, when Anguish sips,
The balm of Life for ever.

LOVE AND WINE.

When first on my heart I felt Love's palpitation,
I lost all my spirits, my stomach, and rest;
I mov'd like a snail, or in wild agitation,
And scarcely could breathe for the load on my breast;
In absence, a cold leaden languor came o'er me;
In presence, a stupor of sensitive awe;
No reason, no shame, no reproof could restore me;
No quiet I felt, and no solace I saw.

A friend, who oft pity'd, yet jeer'd at my ailing,
Who saw the heart's tear ever stand in my eye,
Declared, if I 'd taste of the balm never-failing,
The sadness would cease, and the phantom would fly.
"Come with me," he cried, "and I'll help your escape, sir;
My nostrum, at once, female scorn can remove;
Like me, bathe your eyes in the juice of the grape, sir,
You 'll kick off your fetters, and laugh at your love."

I took my friend's counsel; and when, on the morrow,
The pangs of my heart-rending anguish return'd,
I sprinkled the balm that should soften my sorrow,
But found the wet fuel more ragingly burn'd.
Determined to try the full force of the potion,
I drain'd to the bottom; but, with the last sip,
To madness I raised my love-tortured emotion,
And dropp'd from the bowl, with her name on my lip.

Away then all hope in the Bacchanal's potion,
When taken to kill the live flame in the heart!
It spurs the witch'd fancy more warm into motion,
And rivets more deeply the soul-bury'd dart.
'T will lighten the loose roving cares of the jolly,
So falsely call'd love by the sons of the vine;
'T will serve still to quench the weak embers of Folly—
But heightens the glow of the flame that 's divine.

Then Bacchus, give me, who well know thy full powers,
The love-tinctured rapture that glows in thy cup!
Still show my charm'd fancy the bliss of Love's bowers,
And mix in soft concord each sense as I sup.
I drink not to banish my fervid emotions,
I seek not to vary the bent of my soul—
To raise thy warm visions I mingle thy potions,
To stir my heart's fires I drain out thy bowl.

THE INSPIRATION.

Suppose you sing a roundelay,
A chorus, catch, or glee;
Or, if a solo 's thought more gay,
A solo let it be.
Strike up a song! or old, or new,
On love, or war, or wine;
And if you find you can't get through,
I 'll give you one of mine.

To me 't is always just the same:
My voice all harm defies;
My Muse, a kind and willing dame,
Still every subject tries:
Women or wine, nature or art,
The cot, the camp, the court;
All sorts of game she tries to start,
That you may share the sport.

You say you 've got no song by rote,
And can't begin so soon;
If that 's the case, I 'll work my throat
Till you get yours in tune.
Merry we 'll be, for life runs fast,
And soon will end our song;
Then, if you won't sing, *first* or *last*,
Why *I'll sing all night long.*

Then give me wine, to loose the spring
That locks my burning heart;
There lives the soul of all I sing,
And all the Muse's art.
Sprinkle it well—Fancy and Thought
Will frolic and flash more strong;
The spirit, when the flame is caught,
Will blaze through all my song.

Then here 's the girl that round my bowl
In thought is only sung;
That spurs with active heat my soul,
But stirs not on my tongue.
To Bacchus, when his joys we seek,
The voice should loudly rise;
But if the heart to Venus speak,
It whispers through the eyes.

Then may, in every glass, from mine
  This mingled flame be caught,
Till Mirth and Memory 'witch the wine
  With all the charm of Thought.
Merry or grave, and old or young
  Need then but touch the brink,
And every heart will join my song,
  If every soul will drink.

MIRTH'S CHAMPION.

To break the ice first, that warm Fancy may flow,
Is an office too welcome to me, to say "No!"
To war with dull form is the joy of my life;
And, champion of Mirth, I 'm still arm'd for the strife.
Then here, as a herald of Pleasure, I sound
A note, to proclaim her blest empire around;
And, if Sympathy catch it, we 'll quickly o'erthrow
Cold Care, and his cursed usurpation below.

How bright are the visions that glow in my soul
When Memory catches the light of my bowl!
Then, dazzled with blissful illusions, I burn
To touch with like magic all round in their turn;
My Muse the rich blossoms of Fancy would bring
To eyes ever bless'd by this heart-easing spring;
And where the sweet flowers less natively grow,
She would tempt them to sprinkle the buds till they blow.

How blest are our moments, how sweetly they fly,
When Hope's cheering ray meets the love-soften'd eye!
When Nature, to transport by Gaiety led,
Takes warm to the heart the fond dreams of the head.
Then here let my song the rich banquet create;
Let it gladden all hearts, and all spirits elate,
Till Mirth from the fount of Felicity flow,
And Joy's mellow picture with harmony glow.

Dear god of the grape, then, whose soul-witching art
Still wakes the sweet image that gladdens my heart,
Still tempts my charm'd spirits to play round thy stream,
And fills my moist eye from fond Memory's dream:
Behold, in return for thy heaven on earth,
I bring my best offering—Good Humour and Mirth;
And here, on this altar of Friendship, I'll show
Thou ne'er hadst a votary more grateful below.

Then, O rosy god, while thy Nectar I take
Where my joys and my soul's sensibilities wake,
Diffuse round the circle now gracing thy rites
Thy life-gilding fancies, thy hope-fed delights.
Already I see the blest concord arise—
Joy glows on all cheeks, and Hope beams in all eyes.
Thus still may we live, and thus ever o'erthrow
Cold Care, and his cursed usurpation below.

THE CANKER.

When first on my breast fell the spark from thine eye,
A sunshine more bright seem'd to gladden the sky;
A glow of soft magic new-colour'd the earth,
Each object had charms, and each atom had worth.
So tender the tinge that on Nature was cast,
Delight rose around me wherever I pass'd.

What starts of fond energy sprung in my breast,
How sweet were my toils, and how soothing my rest!
How warm was the hope o'er my senses that stole!
How dearly illusive each dream of my soul!
Ah! then my blest Fancy high soar'd above Care,
And Fate's blackest frown appear'd harmlessly fair.

But what is this terror that breaks on my rest,
And frights the young joys as they spring in my breast?
Ah! lives there a worm, in this field of delight,
To taint the fresh sweetness that blossom'd so bright?
Yes, yes! on my heart preys a venom too sure,
Cursed Jealousy's canker, that Reason shall cure.

Though Fate should my heart in chain'd adamant tie,
To be broil'd on Love's altar, and mock'd as it die,
My Pride's manly effort the victim shall save,
And the strength of my will shall unfetter the slave.
Is n't man's mighty mind, when its energies rise,
A shield of sure proof 'gainst a girl's roving eyes?

Ah! no: 't is a wound from a spirit divine;
The charm in that eye is immortal in mine.
Enchain'd by a destiny nothing can move,
I rove but to fix it, and rave but to love.
The spark Heaven kindled—and, turn as I may,
'T is Life's vital flame, and the sun of my day.

HARD SERVICE;

OR,

THE BARD'S COMPLAINT.

WHEREVER I go it 's the folly
That I the sole fiddle must be:
Mirth calls upon all to be jolly,
And nobody answers but me.
I work till I 'm hoarse with hard labour,
I 'm hack'd like a horse in a mill;
And I can't find a kind-hearted neighbour
To let me one moment stand still.

It 's true I have spirits to bear it,
And lungs that all toil can resist;
But it 's hard no good fellow will share it,
Or lady in pity assist;
The belles, in fine tune, decline ringing,
The beaux hold their delicate tongue;
And I, who am not formed for singing,
For ever am roaring a song.

They tell me, by way of excuses,
All songs after mine are too flat,
That my nonsense so greatly amuses
They know of no nonsense like that;
But I think, if they 'd search their spruce noddles,
Bewhisker'd from temple to chin,
They 'd find in those beautiful models
Some *exquisite* nonsense within.

There 's a shyness to play second fiddle,
It wounds the vain bent of mankind;
For *me*, I play first, last, or middle,
For mirth 's the sole spur of my mind.
I 'm ready, when music is lagging,
To fill up all gaps of the day;
For a croak from *my* pipe, when we 're flagging,
May tempt sweeter pipers to play.

Then, if it 's the whim of the table
That Music withhold her delight,
I 'll do with my noise what I 'm able
That Mirth shall not leave us to-night.
I have her at will in my clutches,
More faithful the more she is tried;
And till Time knock me down with my crutches,
I trust she 'll be found by my side.

Then come, rosy nymph, ever willing,
Sweet Fancy! thou soul of my song,
Roll, roll, as my goblet is filling,
Thy spirit electric along;
Awaken the vision of Pléasure,
Illumine the dream of the soul;
Give all a due share of thy treasure,
And spur every heart to my bowl.

Two reasons there are for our glasses,
That Wisdom and Weakness have taught:
The sage his grave terrors thus passes,
And veils the dark shadows of Thought;
While the lover, still timid while thinking,
Like me, throws a drop on his brain,
To brighten that light by his drinking
That shows him his heaven again.

Here flows, then, a world's consolation
The gay and the gloomy may share:
'T is the fountain of wild animation,
Or else the soft opiate of Care.
Then for us, when grim Care is attacking,
Let 's Bacchus's balsam apply,
And send the old rascal a packing
To poison the dull and the dry.

THE CHEERFUL SAGE.

Behold me then, mellow'd with age,
Unshatter'd by sickness or sorrow,
A time-catching merry old sage,
Who puts off no joy till the morrow:
Still true to the school of the heart,
Where Love long delighted to try me,
I 'm charm'd to turn back to my part,
And sing o'er the bliss that 's gone by me.

If our end be to sweeten our days,
And wine gild the shadows of trouble,
Shall *he* whose youth shone by its rays
Show Age the dark side of the bubble?
While blest amidst visions divine,
Shall I shun my life's cheering revels?
What turns *me* an angel resign
Because it turns *many* to devils?

No! blest is my heart on that score—
Long soften'd by Love and by Nature,
Wine melts it and mellows it more,
As Life's milder hour grows later:
Shall *I*, then, be barr'd my sweet dream
'Cause the *million* know nothing about it?
Or be told Love's all flight and extreme,
'Cause Traffic plods better without it?

On Life I still study to throw
A fanciful glow of illusion,
To raise round my eye as I go,
A soft and impassion'd delusion:
Wine colours my life with this hue;
Lifts me up from low Care, where it found me;
Sets the soul's airy castles in view,
And spreads a blest Paradise round me.

Then let me my Paradise raise,
Who seek but Life's sorrows to bury;
I vie with no man in his ways;
I ask but to think and be merry.
Fancy's wing 's all I claim for my use;
To dream all the pleasure I covet;
To fly, like a good-humour'd goose,
Nor hiss at the world, when above it.

Some are blest in retracing their lives,
Whom wine ever wakes to past pleasure;
Whose glass the sweet picture revives
That brings back the heart's wasting treasure:
The cup to *that* soul is divine,
A balm of pure heavenly Nectar;
The god sits enthroned on the vine,
And the man feels the immortal Protector.

But far be the cup from that heart
Where Fate hath ill-temper'd the juices;
Where furies lie ready to start,
And ravage all life and its uses;
Black shadows rise round till they burst,
Each drop makes the hell glow the quicker;
And whene'er a bad heart is most curst,
'T is such heart in the midst of its liquor.

This glass, then, to heaven I raise;
To *me* 'tis a soul-blessing potion,
It gilds all the world and its ways,
And fills me with joy and devotion.
May all, now, who sip at this spring
Taste its sweets with as grateful a rapture;
Devoutly as *I*, love and sing,
And be blest, to the end of the chapter.

LOVE'S DEVOTION.

In the ardours of love and devotion I live,
Ever pious, though gay, is my mirth;
To Heaven my soul's grateful homage I give,
And my heart to its angel on earth.
No vice prompts the impulse that softens my breast,
Pure tenderness hallows the flame;
Every wish, as it rises, by Virtue is blest,
And its blessings still sanction my aim.

When my thought the sweet dreams of illusion supplies,
And Hope its fond fancies imparts,
I think how more blest I should feel did they rise
As the offspring of love-coupled hearts.
When favour or mercy from Fate I receive,
While my thanks mount to heaven above,
I cry, "Oh, what joy this new blessing would give
Were it shared by the bosom of Love!"

When in solitude Nature's pure charms I survey,
And devoutly their beauties explore,
" What rapturous delight would they give me," I say,
" Did they charm thus the eye I adore!"
When, far from that eye, in gay revels I 'm found,
While my heart sinks in spiritless spleen,
I feel with what joy my fond bosom would bound,
Did her presence give soul to the scene.

All the worth of the heart, all that 's grateful and sweet
Which Sense can with Virtue combine,
Fond Love ever tells me my passion would meet,
If this angel of Nature were mine.
Let me go where I will, let me do what I may,
The vision still plays in my sight;
Its smile ever sweetens my toils in the day,
Its whispers my slumbers at night.

Perhaps, were my hopes to reality brought,
My measure of bliss would exceed
The portion which Heaven in justice hath thought
To man should be dealt and decreed.
Then, on Fate let me rest, and in lowliness sue:
If meant, the bless'd work will be done;
If not, why, alas! all that mortal can do
Is as vain as to grasp at the sun.

THE DIFFERENCE.

THERE's a difference in fact, 'twixt a promise and an act,
And I 'll tell you the reason why:
An act won't betray—but I own a promise may,
Though I hope neither you nor I.

'T is true that I rove like a bee in a grove,
And my flights are a little too wild;
But I perch from this hour on the sweet-fancy'd flower
That sprang from thy lip when it smiled.

Alas! I confess, I 'm a child of Excess,
And Love 's all the treasure I seek;
I live on that thought that gold never bought,
And the heart only paints on the cheek.

A kind lot I 've found, to be bred on that ground
Where Nature, at Love's eager call,
Stamps the charms of most worth on our blest bit of earth,
And gives Britain a fame above all.

Many beauties that rove in this region of Love
I could number, and name them beside;
But the girl of the whole—the most dear to my soul—
Has a name that my ballad shall hide.

RETROSPECTION.

My life 's been a circle of mirth,
To Joy I 've devoted my day;
Still cherish'd good-will upon earth,
And kept snarling Discord away.
I 've cheer'd the disconsolate breast,
I 've sweeten'd the spleen-sour'd soul;
The Cynic in smiles I have drest,
The Stoic made melt at my bowl.

Alas! the gay labour is o'er;
Time spreads his dim veil o'er my eyes;
The fancy scarce values her store,
The spirit scarce wishes to rise.
The heart, the sole source of my song,
Now faintly her effort pursues,
And joys that to mortals belong
Scarce seem a fit theme for my Muse.

Yet when the faint vision appears
  Of joys that from memory pass,
Shan't I, because dim from my years,
  Catch a cherishing peep through my glass?
Alas! must they fade from my sight,
  When a glimpse on these mirrors * would play?
Shan't I welcome a spark of warm light,
  To gild the cold eve of my day.

Yes, yes! though my senses decline,
  Though Nature around me may fade,
I still, lighted up by good wine,
  Find a gleam of delight in the shade.
Though the charms Time would steal from my heart
  Prompt a sorrowing tear, as they fly:
While I sip they delay to depart,
  And reflect through the drop in my eye.

* The goblets.

SMILES AND TEARS.

Her smile such hopes and fear conveys,
That from my Chloe's eye
Such looks such struggling passions raise,
That as I burn I cry;
Her charms still joys and tears excite,
Which, mingling on their way,
Force to my eyes that chequer'd light
Where shine and shadow play.

Oh! could these melting fires but throw
A back-reflecting beam,
That in that eye which bids them flow
Might raise a kindred gleam;
Then would I say, if fate were such,
"Though friendship 's on her tongue,
The spark will soon her bosom touch,
And softer thoughts be sprung."

Ah! could I in this hope be blest,
She 'll then my woe divine,
And feel it stir within her breast
One pitying pang for mine.
Fate, grant me this; for since man's birth,
Of all the transports given,
The sigh of Love 's the balm of earth,
The tear the dew of heaven.

TOUJOURS GAI.

UNRUFFLED by Care, and unwrinkled by Sorrow,
Full of pleasure to-day, full of hope for to-morrow,
With a spirit as light as the zephyr of May,
I frolic with Fancy, and laugh life away.

They tell me I'm old—well, for that must I bear,
Because my strength's less, greater burthen of care?
Must eyes, because dimmer, do nothing but weep?
Or legs that can't gallop, do nothing but creep?

Yes, they say, "Age looks best in the semblance of Grief,
And if Pleasure pursue, you should hide like a thief;
No glow of the fancy should heat the cool head,
And the heart, through all life, to the world should be dead."

What malice could draw from the tongue of the sage
This splenetic sentence, thus pass'd upon Age?
When life charms my heart, must I *kindly* be told
I'm too gay and too happy for one that's so old?

By your leave, surly sage, my light spirits impart
A brisk tide of health to my folly-fed heart;
Take wisdom yourself—I am famish'd on that;
But on nonsense I thrive—so I 'll laugh and be fat.

Don't try to make me, like wise Solomon, fret
With vexation of spirit and vanity, yet;
While Heaven upholds me with health and with mirth,
I 'm charm'd with my lot, and content with the earth.

Your maxims on me are all lost, for indeed
I 'm too simple for sadness, and laugh at your creed;
Every day I enjoy life's delights as they pass,
Ay, and peep at them too every night with my *glass*.

I 'm so happy a fool, that for ever I try
To review the sweet follies that long are gone by;
And, instead of dismissing the stores that yet last,
I wish for a drawback on those that are past.

So your saws and your sayings, in peevishness bred,
You see, cannot touch my nonsensical head;
And, as long as the gay farce of life shall proceed,
You may shut your dry book, where I never will read.

Then a toast, my dull foe, just to widen our strife—
"Here 's the sweetest of forms in the show-glass of life!

A nymph who still gives, where her influence flies,
A joy to all hearts and a charm to all eyes."

Go, look at Euphrosyne; tell me, then, Sage,
While her eye gladdens Youth, shall that eye sadden Age?
When it glows with warm beams, in bright beauty array'd,
Shall I quit the blest sunshine, and freeze in the shade?

When her angel-like smile, where her soul ever plays,
Wakes the raptured emotions that bless'd my past days,
Must I turn my charm'd sight from a vision so fair,
To look in the dust-hole of Sorrow and Care?

No, no! I shall live, love, and laugh to the last,
Take the present with joy, and give thanks for the past;
With cheerful acceptance think Heaven served best,
And believe I 'm most grateful whenever most blest.

So, to break off dispute, and at once to have done—
You shall mope in the shade, while I frisk in the sun;
You shall tether your heart, while mine frolics and plays;
And we 'll leave Father Fate to decide on our ways.

LOVE'S RESTRAINT.

O BACCHUS, if thy juice divine
In wild excess were kind,
More freely would I press thy vine,
More full my temples bind;
But though more warm my fancy burns,
And ardent glow my eyes,
The drowning sense more torpid turns,
And rapture, blunted, dies.

'T is fix'd that in Hope's wildest fires
A mingled shade must go;
And Fate, when Bliss too high aspires,
Still drags it down with woe;
The glass that, gently used, will fan
The flame for Love's sweet bower,
O'erfill'd, unnerves the frame of man,
And checks his slacken'd power.

Oft as I raise my goblet up,
While Love's warm vision charms,
I check the too-o'erflowing cup,
Which mortal strength disarms;
We know that when too free we tope,
We strive at Nature's cost;
And feel that all the heart's warm hope
By deaden'd sense is lost.

Alas! no strength to human frame
The feverish cup supplies;
But, wasting by its raging flame,
Our earthly power still dies.
Yes! Fate repels the aim that through
Th' unmeasured glass we 'd snatch;
And while more warmly we pursue,
More weak 's our power to catch.

Then, as 't is so, I 'll not repine,
But taste as Fate allows:
Now pluck the myrtle, now the vine,
And bind them round my brows.
With Bacchus sing, with Venus laugh;
And, when Time dims my light,
A parting cup to each I 'll quaff,
And gaily bid Good Night!

HOPELESS LOVE.

PHILLIS, could I bear thy charms,
  Could I see unmoved thy graces,
Fearless of my heart's alarms,
  I would seek thee in all places;
But whene'er I meet thine eyes
  Such a love-lost spell comes o'er me,
That my sinking spirit dies,
  In the hopeless fate before me.

If I fly thy beauty's powers,
  Powers 'gainst which my strength 's a bubble,
'T is to guard my peaceful hours,
  Which thy charms so sadly trouble.
A glance alone such throbs awakes,
  I dare not risk my heart's devotion;
For many a suffering hour it takes
  To lull to rest the troubled motion.

Thou wouldst not wish my sinking heart
  Should be by fix'd despair invaded;
Nor wouldst thou bid my joys depart,
  And tasteless life by gloom be shaded:
Yet such would be my wretch'd fate,
  For calmly wouldst thou see me languish;
No cheering smile would grief abate,
  No mutual sigh would soothe my anguish.

Then wonder not my burning breast,
  (That ne'er in thine can wake emotion)
Should shun thee as the bane of rest,
  And turn from Scorn's care-poison'd potion.
Oh! couldst thou feel the rending pangs
  Of passion turn'd to torturing action,
Thou'dst fly them as the tiger's fangs,
  And run, as I do, from distraction.

THE SOCIAL BOWL.

WHEN, glowing around me with high-season'd soul,
A band of bright spirits encircle my bowl,
Each virtue awake, and each impulse divine,
I feel the full cup of Life's blessing is mine.

When our Fancy, sublimed by the heart's tender pain,
High paints the soft vision Love leaves on the brain,
What pencil can touch, or what tongue can reveal
The sweet tide of rapture we votaries feel?

Or see, when with Pity's emotion we 're blest,
And the tear-stealing impulse stirs Sympathy's breast,
The holy effusions still soothe, as we warm,
And bless the soft heart that brings Sorrow a charm.

When our minds are by famed Magnanimity caught,
And the virtues of heroes ennoble our thought,
Our fervid delights such full ardours impart,
That we feel the great deeds on each nerve of the heart.

When Gratitude, plant of the well-cultured breast,
Gives Friendship its sweetness and Honour its zest,
How warm, at her shrine, the blest service we pay,
When Memory's gilded by Bacchus's ray!

Is Chloe by treachery taught to be coy,
And turn with disdain on the heart's sweetest joy?
Let Bacchus but woo her with heart-easing wiles,
Mankind are redeem'd, and sweet Charity smiles.

Then talk not to me of what life never shows,
That Virtue from cautious indifference grows:
No cold-hearted wretch with a fancy so poor
Shall poison my bottle or darken my door;

Nor preach to my heart how Love's touch should impress,
How Wisdom should practise, or Reason should bless:
Here system is error, Philosophy doats,
And Nature's true Virtue in Liberty floats.

LOVE AND NATURE.

"THE meadow, the stream, and the grove,"
You say, "are your scenes of delight."
I grant you, if colour'd by Love,
They have charms to enrapture the sight.
But if the soul vacantly sees
This meadow, this stream, and this grove,
So little, alas! do they please,
That we sicken and sigh as we rove.

Then tell me not, charms they can know
Who, passionless, Nature survey;
A sun in the bosom must glow,
To blend with the sun of the day.
On the eye that's untouch'd with Love's beam
Life loses all magical power;
Ever dead are the meadow and stream,
Ever dreary and dull is the bower.

Why raises cold Reason her voice
To rob the soft breast of its charm?
Why bar the rapt fancy her choice,
And thus Nature's power disarm?
Must this heavenly gem of the soul,
Dear treasure of Youth and of Age!
From the breast's holy casket be stole,
And be crumbled to dust by the Sage?

No! Venus, ne'er shut from my sight
This magic the Sage would dismiss,
That quickens the heart to delight,
And tinges all Nature with bliss.
Oh! let thy sweet spell ever work,
Thy life-gilding visions be mine;
Let the charm in my soul ever lurk,
And Creation be ever divine.

PERSUASION.

Oh! sit a little while, my jolly girls,
Don't damp our joys so soon;
The hour's not late, then don't be churls,
You 'll have sleep enough by noon.
Let darkness roll, smile round our bowl;
Without your aid, all light is shade,
And man but a gloomy soul.
Then bless awhile our sight:
Your lovely eyes bid Fancy rise,
And charm the glowing night;
But when you 're gone our spirit 's done,
And dead 's the soul's delight.

Then come, my jolly girls, for soon, God knows,
Will Time, that thief, run by;
Come, follow, follow, follow, girls, taste, as he goes,
And catch while you can; as I.

Let Love incline your glass to mine;
When souls unite, all hours delight,
And mirth is a feast divine.
From you our spirits flow;
Love wakes our souls, Love charms our bowls,
And gives each heart its glow;
Of you we think—for you we drink,
And taste all bliss below.

Our hour-glass measures Love.
Though clocks the dull may part;
We mind not how the globe may go,
While Love goes round the heart.
Shall Sleep's dull reign our fires restrain,
When smiles delight our raptured sight,
And Hope illumes the brain?
For us no night clouds o'er;
Still sunbeams rise in Fancy's eyes,
As Life runs Memory o'er;
Then let 's not miss the promised bliss,
Since Heaven supplies the store.

THE CHAIN OF THE HEART.

Why swells my heart? why starts the tear?
Why wakes my memory's anguish?
Time 's drawn his veil for many a year,
Yet still I mourn and languish.
Will nothing soothe this pensive pain?
Will Fate no pity show me?
Has Life no charm to tempt my brain?
Has Luck no chance to throw me?

No!—All the varying scenes I try
Are cheerless voids that wound me;
Grief lingers in my sickly eye,
And throws distaste around me:
I drag a weight from cold Disdain
That mars all gay endeavour:
Go where I will, the love-cross'd chain
Hangs round my heart for ever.

Must I 'midst dreary shadows live?
Each night still dread the morrow?
My life to pining Memory give,
And walk the world in sorrow?
Must real life still joyless lie?
Its ways but wake vexation?
Must Mirth in musing sadness die?
And Light but shade Creation?

But would I break it, could I cure,
The spell that thus surrounds me?
No! Heaven, that fix'd Love's shaft so sure,
Still gilds the dart that wounds me.
The pangs I dread, I fear to heal,
Would hold them, while I lose 'em:
I seek for ease, yet wish to feel
The rack that tears my bosom.

FANCY'S FOOD.

I THINK, if you 'd quicken the pace of the liquor,
'T would quicken the pace of my wit;
My memory, too, would go something the quicker,
That 's apt to be halting a bit.
My brain is a bed of wild fanciful flowers,
In moisture and heat only sprung;
And to keep 'em alive, and well freshen their powers,
I always keep wetting my tongue.

I well know the measure of spirit to sprinkle
To keep up the waste of my brain;
I feed an *encore* with a sip to the *crinkle*,
And off goes the carol again.
Thus wetting my clay and refreshing my throttle,
I sip and I sing the night long:
As the lark with the sun, so I, cheer'd with the bottle,
Still pay my life's thanks with a song.

I 've subjects enough for a poet so jolly;
My life 's a gay volume, to choose:
Each leaf has a lesson of frivolous folly,
To suit the light lay of my Muse;
And, oh! in the book too sad strains can she borrow,
To moan to the passion-tuned ear;
For many sad chapters, alas! to my sorrow,
Are mark'd with the blot of a tear.

But life, as it 's chequer'd, in turn must be pleasant;
And now, as that turn is our lot,
To pay the soul's thanks, let 's be cheerful at present,
And feast on the boon we have got.
As Love 's the rich prize of all mortal endeavour,
The sunshine that gladdens our day,
Let 's court the sweet light that wine freshens for ever,
And drink the heart's shadows away.

The spark still renews, with the glass's reflection,
When once it has shone on the soul;
Then gaily let 's take the sweet-mingled infection
That floats in the love-season'd bowl.
'T is night; and if now Beauty's reign be extended,
Her image, thus fix'd on the brain,
Won't slip from the heart, or by sleep be suspended,
But glide through our slumbers again.

LOVE'S CAPTIVE.

Ah! wonder not, bewitching maid!
That I sit gazing on thee;
My charmed eyes have never stray'd
Since turn'd by Fate upon thee.
No! Like the prison'd captive's eye
A glimmering sunbeam catching,
Mine, chain'd, in Passion's fetters lie,
The gleam of mercy watching.

Ah! must there be, then, in my breast
A fix'd and mortal anguish?
A sad despair, that hopes not rest,
Unless to death it languish?
Must that be barr'd; and, through my days,
The whole I feel of pleasure—
The curse that on the miser preys
Who dares not touch his treasure.

Oh! turn, then, on my prison'd heart
One glance, the gloom to lighten;
To days of death new life impart,
And dark Creation brighten:
For Nature blooms in vain to me,
I'm blind to her caressing;
All charms in life must flow from thee,
And Pity bring the blessing.

SONG OF THE DAY,

For the Club called the "Je ne sçais quoi," established by George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales.

Ere Mirth's glowing spirit break loose from the soul,
Or the wing of wild Fancy ascend from the bowl,
From Pleasure's full chase we crave five minutes' law,
Just to give you a touch of the *Je ne sçais quoi.*

In all the blest commerce of Friendship or Love,
In the court or the cottage, the world or the grove,
In all countries or ages that man ever saw,
The soul's sweet attraction 's the *Je ne sçais quoi.*

This witchcraft of life, men confess in their heart,
Is the charm of all Nature, the grace of all Art;
From these charms and these graces our title we draw,
For our chair is the throne of the *Je ne sçais quoi.*

Diffused from its orbit, the magic delight
Descends on our spirits and gladdens our sight,
Sweet Sympathy wakes, the heart's sorrows withdraw,
And we yield our whole souls to the *Je ne sçais quoi.*

From woman this sweet undefinable spell
Throws a sure shaft of Fate where none other can dwell;
For in vain is each trespass on Destiny's law,
When the heart is once touch'd with the *Je ne sçais quoi.*

Though so various the charms by which Beauty delights,
Where each taste forms its goddess as Fancy invites,
Poor Cupid his bow to no purpose can draw
Till Sympathy's eye hits the *Je ne sçais quoi.*

Now mark how in manners, in gestures, in speech,
We men strive this heaven-born magic to reach;
And though Nature deny it, we don't care a straw,
But all will show off with our *Je ne sçais quoi.*

The statesman at levee, with winning grimace,
Throws a charm in his air and a smile in his face;
But ask him a grace, and he drops down his jaw,
For my lord knows no grace but the *Je ne sçais quoi.*

The pluralised prelate, who heaps up his hoard,
And piously puts not his trust in the Lord,
Talks of nobles and kings, as he surfeits his maw,
That the curate may think he's the *Je ne sçais quoi.*

The lawyer, whose fame 's to give colour to wrong,
And charm away rights by the trick of his tongue,

Tries a world of fine arts to engender a flaw,
Just to tickle the bench with his *Je ne sçais quoi.*

The captain, in love with the dress of his trade,
A little drill Cæsar in field and parade,
Shakes the plume at his ear and the frill at his craw,
And marches, G— ——— —, the *Je ne sçais quoi.*

The jargon-taught doctor, all fudge and all speed,
Talks of Celsus, of Galen, of Boerhaave, and Mead;
But the whole of his study 's to put out his paw,
And whip in, and whip out, with a *Je ne sçais quoi.*

The sailor, the bulwark of Britain's renown,
Chief pride of her state, and great prop of her Crown,
Bears down like a man, damns palaver and jaw,
And grapples all hearts with his *Je ne sçais quoi.*

The trader, mechanic, the servant, the slave,
All figure away, this distinction to have;
Nay, the wretch at the gallows still smiles at the law,
If he can but swing off with a *Je ne sçais quoi.*

For our rites a new tutelar god we 've in view,
Neither Egypt, nor Athens, or Rome ever knew,
And a sacred libation we 'll pour out with awe
On the altar of Bacchus, the *Je ne sçais quoi.*

Let 'em talk of young Macedon's six-bottle feats,
Of Antony's revels, Lucullus's treats;
We scorn all example from ages so raw,
So long life to the Prince and the *Je ne sçais quoi.*

THE CHARM OF LIFE.

"LIFE," you say, "but little charms you."
Shall I tell you why?
'T is because no passion warms you:
Melt your heart, and try;
Meet a love-dart, get will hitten,
Find your bosom's queen;
Smile and prate till both are smitten—
Then you 'll chase the spleen.

Never stop till Cupid 's caught you
Fast in mutual charm;
Then you'll find the rogue has brought you
Sunshine bright and warm.
Link two hearts, you 'll then be merry,
Joy 's not made for one:
Soon you 'll go to Charon's ferry,
If you pine alone.

Raise the charm, create the treasure,
Make life worth your care;
Feel the joy of giving pleasure,
That 's the best we share.
Then you 'll say, " Eh ! how ! God bless me !
What a change is this !
Sweet sensations now impress me ;
Life 's all mirth and bliss !

" Golden thread the Fates now spin me,
'Stead of hempen ropes ;
All my spirits dance within me,
Full of joys and hopes.
What makes things thus gay around me ?
Chloe's smiles, no doubt.
What a fool I was, confound me !
Not to find it out !"

LOVE, THE CONQUEROR.

You say of Love, but don't say true,
" The rake eludes his snare."
Alas! I 've deeper raked than you,
And find no safety there.
In Folly's world few more than I
Found flowers to catch his view;
Yet by one glance of Ella's eye
That world a desert grew.

You oft say, " Wisdom yields no cure,"
And mock its boasted plea;
To show that Folly 's not more sure,
Dear friend, then, point at me:
At me, the Momus of my day,
Of light and cheerful tongue,
Who now from mirth turn sad away,
And moan where once I sung.

My jovial tone, subdued by Love,
Now sinks in boding fear;
Still whining, like the wailing dove,
Soft 'plaints, she will not hear.
Ah! for my mirth's free careless flights,
Scorn'd love's revenge I see;
And now, in turn, a flame she lights,
To flash her scorn on me.

My bounding spirits, born of Ease,
That cheer'd the festive throng,
Resentful Venus, mocking, sees
Expire in Sorrow's song;
And, strange to tell, my bosom feels
No social impulse glow;
But, far from life, sequester'd steals,
To pine in lonely woe.

When Evening's soft descending ray
More faintly gilds the grove,
To some deep solitude I stray,
And breathe to Heaven my love;
There steal my sighs, unmark'd, away,
My tears, unheeded, roll,
Till night o'ershade my hopeless day,
And darkness soothe my soul.

An exile 'midst the world, I rove;
No joy I there can see;
For mirth, untuned by luckless love,
But grates and tortures me.
My books too, now, to please me fail,
Their themes my thoughts decline,
Unless 't is soft Affliction's tale,
And that but deepens mine.

Nay, e'en my Muse, whose favouring eye
Still smiled as Fancy sung,
Sees dumb Despair her gifts deny,
And flies my fetter'd tongue.
Thus desolate, in hopeless woe,
I wait that sad relief,
When Death's cold hand shall sense o'erthrow,
Or Dotage drown my grief.

THE REFUGE.

THE mischief of war and the state of the nation
So sadden the spirits and sicken mankind,
That Mirth at the table has lost her old station,
And rosy-faced Folly her stool hath resign'd.
It seems out of place, while these sorrows confound us,
To mock the sad times with a joy-rousing song;
And Gloom and Alarm, ever brooding around us,
Bid light-hearted Levity bridle her tongue.

What chorus, alas! for a bard of my humour,
Who lives but to laugh and jog merrily on,
These murmurs and groanings at every fresh rumour,
And all the world crying "We 're lost and undone."
For me, I can't join in this croaking and pining,
Nor follow the camps in their flights and their views:
Gadzooks! must a man who shuns water when dining
For ever be crossing the Rhine and the Meuse?

I 'm ruin'd at once by this war's operation;
The spirits are all on the fret in the town;
Gone, gone, like Othello's, is my occupation,
And mute is the chorus of "Hey derry down."
Sweet Folly withdraws all her playful illusions;
Or if her gay flights, thus ill-timed, she impart,
No concord she finds for her cheerful effusions,
And heavily sinks the forced strain on the heart.

But, since we can't mend a bad matter by sorrow,
And stopping the bottle's no check to our foes,
Suppose we forget this sad war till to-morrow,
And let him who made it take care how it goes.
Let us, who have thoughts to the soul more inviting,
Our joys and emotions by Fancy improve,
While *he* feeds his temper by slaughter and fighting,
Who 's dead to the humanised sweetness of Love.

Give me the soft weakness, the soul-melting pleasure,
That tunes to sweet concord the nerve of the heart;
Where Sympathy touch'd, ever beats a true measure,
And Nature's pure echo replies without art.
Oh! talk not to me of the Sage or the Stoic;
Cold heads I detest, and cold hearts I despise:
The soul full of feeling, alone, is heroic,
And Nature's pure child the sole mortal that 's wise.

I once, like a fool, was school'd out of Life's fable,
And told it was right to shade pleasure with thought;
And now all my care 's to unlearn at the table
The sad losing game these dull moralists taught.
Oh! curse on these thieves, these excisers of gladness,
Who stalk through the world but to measure and weigh;
They slacken'd the spring of my heart with their sadness,
And drove the warm sunshine of Fancy away.

But wine can melt off the sick heart-freezing lesson,
And give to Hope's eye its sweet vision again:
Henceforth, then, I breathe but to charm back the blessing,
And sprinkle the spark that still lives in my brain.
Cold Reason 's no region for birds of my feather,
Care's circle no space for the flights of my mind;
To the wise heads of earth I leave earth altogether,
And 'midst a fool's dreams a Fool's Paradise find.

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

Life is short, and wears away;
That 's too truly known:
Then let 's give our spirits play,
Ere their strength is flown.
Fortune's trick 's beneath our care,
Though she smiled or frown'd;
Ups and downs are mortals' fare
While the wheel goes round.

Every day it 's plain enough
(Endless is the proof),
Life 's a patch of smooth and rough,
That chequers every roof;
Like the pleasant punch we tope,
Sweet and sour are mix'd:

Why then vainly fret and mope,
Since by Fate it 's fix'd?

Proof 's in every clime and coast,
British, Roman, Greek—
Great examples strike the most,
Histroy, then, shall speak:
There you 'll see, as in a show,
Tumblers, small and great,
Tripp'd and toss'd from high to low,
And knock'd about by Fate.

See them here, in Britain, first,
Wolsey, more than king,
Stripp'd, arraign'd, reviled, and curst,
And left to starve or swing.

See Rome her Belisarius shame—
What befell his head;
His eyes put out, for all his fame,
And forced to beg his bread.

See Bajazet, on Asia's page,
His glory laid in dust,
Coop'd, like a beast, in iron cage,
And fed on mouldy crust.

See Bony, from his sceptre hurl'd,
Now a jest to mock;
And he who ranged a conquer'd world
Now tether'd to a rock.

These the Muse from millions calls
To mark the truth she sings;
For all ages teem with falls
Of statesmen, heroes, kings.
History's but a volumed list
Of endless ups and downs—
Of kings by ruffian knaves dismiss'd,
And ruffians raised to crowns.

While the great are thus kick'd low,
The little are kick'd high;
Up the wheel the humble go,
And down the lofty lie.
Thus the varying scene 's sustain'd,
Changing shade and light;
A shifting farce, by Fate ordain'd,
And sketch'd in black and white.

Cincinnatus left his ploughs
To rule o'er mighty Rome;
Mahomed drove sheep and cows,
And empire was his doom.

And see, to royal power, at least,
How pedlars here are hurl'd,
Who rule with sovereign sway the East,
And chain the Indian world.

Hocus pocus, presto, quick!
Heads or tails is all:
You throw crabs, and I a nick;
Thus we rise and fall.
Folly hits, though Wisdom fail,
Nothing steady stands:
You 've a palace, I a gaol;
And then we change our hands.

All things have a pro and con,
Hope is mix'd with fear;
Bright sides have a darken'd one—
All is chequer'd here.
Our steaks*, too, prove this well enough—
Some overdone, some raw;
Tender some, and some so tough
They 'd break the devil's jaw.

Since in light and shade we dwell;
Still shifting round our glass,

* Alluding to the Old Beef-steak Society.

Let us watch the changes well,
And catch them as they pass;
For well it 's said, "If Time 's not seized,
He turns his forelock round,
And with his bald back pate you 're teazed,
Where never hold was found."

Like old Nestor, thus I preach;
And, though not so wise,
I 'll just remark, to close my speech,
That Nature wets and dries:
The elements within must be,
Like those without, kept up;
And dry will he to-morrow be
Who takes to-day a sup.

GEORGE AND ENGLAND!

WHILE deeds of hell deface the world,
And Gallia's throne in ruin lies,
While round the earth revolt is hurl'd,
And Discord's blasting banner flies;
Loud shall the loyal Briton sing,
"To arms! to arms! your bucklers bring,
To shield our country, guard our king,
And George and England save."

Ne'er shall the desolating woe
That shades with horror Europe o'er,
To us her hideous image show,
Or steep in blood this happy shore;
Firm as our rock-bound isle, we'll stand,
With watchful eye and iron hand,
To wield the might of Britain's land,
And George and England save.

While wide the threatening frenzy burns,
And prostrate nations mourn its rage;
Sternly his eye the Briton turns
To Edward's and to Henry's page:
As o'er their hallow'd urns he sighs,
Roused at the sacred fire, he cries,
"Thus glory's flame again shall rise,
And George and England save."

Oft Fancy views them on the deep;
And turning, as their squadrons roll,
Where great Eliza's ashes sleep,
With triumph fills the Briton's soul:
As Drake and Raleigh catch his glance,
"Advance," he cries, "rash fools! advance;
The grave of Spain shall ope for France,
And George and England save."

Though moral Order sink to ground,
Though all the virtues trodden lie;
Though murderous Uproar rave around,
And blood and rapine fire each eye—
Ne'er shall the storm *here* turn its flight,
While British breasts at home unite
To guide our strength and guard our right,
And George and England save.

Blest be his race! long blest by Fate!
Still glory beam from Freedom's crown!
Vain ever Faction's thwarting hate
To break the British bulwark down!
No! round the altar of our land,
Twined in one soul, the British band
Shall firm, in sacred union, stand,
And George and England save.

O happy isle! wise-order'd state!
Well-temper'd work of Freedom's hand!
No shock of realms can touch thy fate,
If union bind thy seagirt land.
Vainly the storm shall round thee ring,
While Britain's sons in concord sing,
"We 'll shield our country, guard our king,
And George and England save."

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

PHILOSOPHY, preach to the waves;
I 'm proud that my reason is blind:
Don't tell me that Beauty enslaves,
When bliss in the bondage I find.
Thank Heaven, the strings of my heart
Are tuned by the finger of Love;
Not broke by Philosophy's art,
But left with pure Nature to move.

Shall the Cynic, malignantly wise,
Or Sinner, with sanctified zeal,
Preach their cant in the face of the skies,
To poison the blessings we feel?
Shall Age its past raptures arraign,
To blight the fresh joys in Youth's breast?
Tell the heart that all pleasure is pain,
And man's feelings and wishes a jest?

On my hope when sweet Phillis hath smiled,
And Sympathy peep'd through a tear,
Must I say, "Love 's the whim of a child,
And a pastime no reason can bear?"
When my heart with enchantment is blest,
And the earth is a Paradise made,
Must I throw a cold cloud on my breast,
And wrap my life's sunshine in shade?

Let the million deride—it 's their trade;
They 'd starve, if refined by this ray;
They 're form'd for Life's workshop, and made
To suit the coarse toils of their day:
But shall those who, sublimer in thought,
Have minds justly shaped to their part,
By a creed for mechanical lot,
Rate the worship divine of the heart?

And what does Philosophy do?
It reasons a man to despair;
Takes the kernel of life from his view,
And leaves him the shell for his care.
It drains from the potion of life
All spirit and flavour, by rule;
Makes him wise in a joy-killing strife,
And leaves him a wretch and a fool.

Then alike I reject and disdain
The jeers of the weak or the wise,
One tells me that pleasure is pain,
And the other Love's godhead denies;
But neither the *razor* nor *block*
Can pilfer a pleasure from me—
For my heart has her stores under lock,
And Bacchus, my agent, the key.

GRIEVING'S A FOLLY.

WHAT signifies wailing o'er joys that depart,
Or dreading Time's ravage so much?
Will it better our day? will it lighten our heart?
Or weaken Infirmity's touch?
Can all that we think of, or all that we do,
Add a grain to the sand of our lives?
Can we lengthen the thread upon Destiny's clue,
Or blunt the Fates' scissars or knives?

What means, then, this shadowy view of the past,
And weeping as pleasures go by?
On the lost 't is a duty oblivion to cast,
And catch those that come, as they fly.
One sigh we may give (that 's the whole they demand),
Or at most drop a tear, and have done;
Nature meant not its treasures to rest in our hand,
But slip through the race, as they run.

In life shall Grief's lesson still deaden our hope?
Our rest shall forebodings destroy?
Shall we carry around this self-strangling rope?
Or this leaven still sour our joy?
'T is sinful and selfish, whatever folks say;
For just is the portion that 's given,
Man's mind Heaven frames to the lot of his day,
And to smile 's the heart's duty to Heaven.

Then here will I say, as I 've oft said before,—
" No spleen against Fate will I show;
In sweet holy spirit I 'll sing and adore,
And frolic with Hope, as I go.
Ever blest with my lot, and content with the earth,
I 'll play, while I can, a gay part;
Ever draw from my Muse the blithe spirit of mirth,
And carol the thanks of my heart."

TO BACCHUS.

COME then, Bacchus, round me throw
  Cheering visions, soft and blest,
'Witch my sense, and wake the glow
  That o'erspread my *youthful* breast.
To thy powers my cup stands fill'd:
  Powers that still, when worshipp'd true,
All our fading joys regild,
  And our wasting fires renew.

When thy boon thou bringest to man,
  Grief's dim eye soon glistens bright;
And of Life's care-burthen'd span
  Soon the load 's as feather light.
Oft I pledge thee, gay-wreath'd god!
  Own thy power with grateful glee;
Pleased to break Affliction's rod,
  And thus sip Life's sweets with thee.

When thou bidest my love-dream play,
Moved by Memory's rising sigh,
Then retraced, my heart's sweet day
Fills with Life's best tear my eye;
When thy spur to mirthful thought
Sets my bounding spirit free,
From thy glass, gay god! are caught
Joys that few e'er taste like me.

Come then, bliss-inspiring god!
Cheer me with thy favouring praise;
Give thy blest approving nod
While thy sparkling cup I raise:
And if Venus grace thy bower,
Tell her, since she touch'd my soul
"'T is for her I court thy power,
'T is for her I drain thy bowl."

TARTAR SONG.

For Kemble's Opera, "Lodowiska."

Like the mountain-storm, our band,
Wild, impetuous, bold, and free,
Burst, resistless, o'er the land,
Lull'd in slothful luxury.
Where the sweeping vengeance drives,
Hopeless man in horror flies.
Stores of wealth and stores of wives
Are the hardy Tartar's prize.
When the darken'd midnight sky
Howls, with wild tempestuous cry,
Then we quit the Tartar plain,
Death and Terror in our train;
And spread a wide
O'erwhelming tide
Where Wealth and Beauty reign.

As the meteors course the sky,
Gleaming swords flash round the throng;
And, as through the gloom we fly,
Light the embattled host along.
Firm and close we lead our band,
Where the fertile region lies;
Then, wide ranging, sweep the land,
Destined for the Tartar's prize.

Though we deem the world our prey,
Martial honour, loyal truth,
When our swords have won their way,
Bind the daring Tartar youth.
Choice of spoil, as first in fight,
With our gallant chieftain lies;
Then, till Honour have her right,
Sacred be the Tartar's prize.
When the darken'd midnight sky
Howls, with dark tempestuous cry,
Then we quit the Tartar plain,
Death and Terror in our train;
And spread a wide
O'erwhelming tide
Where Wealth and Beauty reign.

THE CONTRAST.

Between two eyes I must expire.
My heart is gone, I own—
A black one sets it all on fire,
A blue one melts it down:
There 's lightning in the black one's glance,
A sunbeam in the blue;
One strikes it like a piercing lance,
And one steals gently through.

By fire or water then it goes;
But which I 'm yet to learn—
At morn it burns, at night it flows;
And flames and weeps by turn.
One piercer or one melter I
Could face, and never quake;
But two to one my powers defy—
No battle I can make.

Singly, I own, I 've often sparr'd
With *Hazel* and with *Jet;*
And, though by half a score hit hard,
I 've not been vanquished yet.
With *one* I 'd fight its utmost art,
Though light or dark its hue;
But set on thus by *both*, my heart
Is beaten *black* and *blue*.

CONSOLATION.

TELL the lover whom Fate dooms in absence to pine,
That anguish oft ends in delight;
That some chance beyond hope, by a favour Divine,
May again bring his heaven to sight;
Well, Muse, canst thou speak the heart's desolate woe
When the view of that heaven is gone;
And well canst thou tell the blest transports that flow
When hope is restored where there 's none.

Oh! tell him his bliss is each hour more nigh,
As cold absent days roll away;
For the moment comes on when he 'll speed to the eye
That rekindles the sun of his day:
And if Doubt's boding terrors disturb his rack'd head,
Thou canst whisper the self-teazing swain
That they 're passion-raised shadows, mere vapours of dread,
That still follow Anxiety's train.

Much my tongue to the passion-lost victim could add
Who dies from cold looks of the fair;
For, alas! my poor heart sad experience hath had
Of the lover's distress and despair;
And much too my heart on that rapture could speak,
When, moved at his sight, he espy
That a flush gives the ruby of joy to her cheek,
And the heart sends a pearl to her eye.

THE ONLY ONE.

WELL, here I 'm arrived, at the mansion,
And find the best set upon earth;
Gay hearts, all in eager expansion
To revel in frolic and mirth:
I came, with a spirit like proper,
Resolved in full glee to appear;
But my budget of mirth has a stopper—
The identical she isn't here.

Here 's a great deal of fashion and splendour,
Great air of profusion and waste;
All costly as Riches can render,
Or Vanity wish for, or waste;
But this palace of gold sinks to copper,
Its revelry frets on my ear;
For my budget of mirth has a stopper—
The identical she isn't here.

All 's brilliant and blazing around me,
I stalk 'midst a world of fine things;
But as well might they tether or pound me,
For all the delight that it brings.
I envy the chirping grasshopper,
That chirps to his grasshopping dear;
For my budget of mirth has a stopper—
The identical she isn't here.

Though 'midst hangings all splendid and novel,
I sit, throned in gold, like a fool,
I 'd prefer, were her foot in a hovel,
The dirty mud wall and a stool.
Till Fate from creation shall lop her,
All lustre of life 's in her sphere;
And my budget of mirth has a stopper—
The identical she isn't here.

Here are dainties, from soup to the sallad,
Rare cates in the banqueting-hall;
But of no more delight to my palate
Than a slice of dry cheese in a stall.
When Fate in the scene doesn't drop her,
I sicken at sight of good cheer;
For my budget of mirth has a stopper—
The identical she isn't here.

When at dinner, I couldn't o'ercome it,
Could scarce hold my spoon or my knife;
My heavy heart dropp'd like a plummet,
While missing the light of my life:
My Muse sunk that nothing could prop her,
Too low for wine, brandy, or beer;
For my budget of mirth has a stopper—
The identical she isn't here.

I look'd round to catch consolation,
Saw eyes that might emperors chain,
Met all, but that sole scintillation
That hits on the line of my brain.
Venus here might see beauties that top her,
Jove charms to match all in his sphere;
But my budget of mirth has a stopper—
The identical she isn't here.

While press'd to make other folks merry,
I 'm robb'd of all power of mirth,
Have lost even "derry down derry,"
And hav'n't a stave upon earth.
At a blow, they 've cut off, like a chopper,
My memory, my tongue, and my ear;
For my budget of mirth has a stopper—
The identical she isn't here.

Had I guess'd such a trick, I 'd have flung 'em;
Not moped about, bilk'd and ensnared,
Hook'd in, a mere unit among 'em,
Lone bird in a covey all pair'd.
I was sure in the party they 'd pop her:
From me they sought mirth it was clear;
But my budget of mirth has a stopper—
The identical she isn't here.

Well, if ever again I 'm invited,
And go, without knowing the set,
With spleen may my spirit be blighted,
My wine ever cork'd and in fret;
For my Muse, of her wings may Fate crop her,
If on such a blind errand she steer;
For my budget of mirth has a stopper—
The identical she isn't here.

My stupid old head I can't pardon,
Thus diddled of hope to my face;
I was sure I 'd a rose in the garden,
And find a bare thorn in its place:
But, as spleen in loud plaint is improper,
Vexation drops mutely her tear;
For my budget of mirth has a stopper—
The identical she isn't here.

I must budge then, or die of blue devils,
Though sorry to leave the gay board:
They 're a set worthy Jupiter's revels,
And charming as life can afford:
But as they 've not thought fit to shop her
In this warehouse of glittering gear,
My budget of mirth has a stopper,
The identical she isn't here.

D. I. O.!—for to stay would be silly,
This finery 's all a dead load;
To-morrow I 'll whip in the dilly,
And scrawl an excuse on the road.
Yes! to-morrow, please God, I 'm a hopper;
I 'm off, though the cut may be queer;
For my budget of mirth has a stopper—
The identical she isn't here.

THE CHOICE.

I KNOW not, if Fate would allow me a choice,
What texture of heart I would take;
If I'd choose it to vibrate at Sympathy's voice,
Or of tough and resistible make.
I fear for the tender my tongue would declare,
Though *there* many tortures are known:
But I'd choose the fond breast, Love's impressions to bear;
For no heart can be happy alone.

Oft we hear the sad sufferer's bosom exclaim,
"I wish I'd no feeling at all!"
But, alas! to a heart that could compass this aim,
What worth would remain on this ball?
In vain would all Nature her blessings display,
All impulse would die in the breast,
The spirit-moved form be inanimate clay,
And the world a dark dungeon at best.

Let us ne'er wish that feeling, the soul-impress'd sign
Heaven stamps on our nature below,
Should die in the breast, and change man, half divine,
To a horrible shadow of woe.
Would he not, should just Heaven such rigour dispense,
At once to nonentity fall;
For the being that 's dead to all animate sense
Is surely no being at all.

No, no!—Let us suffer, since ever must joy
Be chequer'd by sorrow and pain;
It lives but in change; and e'en bliss would annoy,
Did not Heaven these changes ordain.
To contrast we see that all Nature 's impell'd,
'T is the vigour and health of the whole:
As by day and by night the earth's body 's upheld,
So by light and by shade is the soul.

Then, as Love shifts and changes, let 's bear with her twists;
And, knowing what 's fated to man,
Say, " This is the way that all Nature exists,
" And all creatures must bend to her plan:
" The tide must come round, and the wind must blow fair;
" And so, in the season of Love,

" Will peace and content follow sorrow and care;
" For thus are things ordered above."

Then why should I, Phillis, drop dead at thy frown,
Or madden with joy at thy smile?
'T is Fate that ordains them, they are not thy own;
Each must have its turn for awhile.
As an angel I never can take thee, I own,
Nor yet as a devil to curse:
But thy smile 's such a cure for the wounds of thy frown,
That I 'll take thee " for better for worse."

GENUINE MIRTH.

How few do we see of mankind
  Who with Mirth know to gracefully play,
To loosen the plaits of the mind,
  And dress her more easy and gay:
Still, vulgarly bared to the sight,
  In vice or in riot she 's shown,
Too dirtily deck'd for Delight,
  Too loose in her manners to own.

With some she 's a fool in her joys,
  A romp ever teasing and rude,
Still careless how much she annoys,
  Still cursed with an itch to obtrude;
With others all quibble and catch,
  A cat—that strikes words with her paw,
Whips syllables up with a snatch,
  And nibbles and snaps at a straw.

With some, to seem knowing and dry,
In a prim air of archness she 'll sit,
Close hatching on something gone by,
To bring forth a hard-labour'd hit;
With others all fiction and flight,
All marvellous, monstrous, and rare,
Still thrusting humbugs on the sight,
And blowing forth bubbles of air.

The mind is for ever disguised,
Forced airs and forced manners put forth,
All strain to be rated and prized
Beyond the plain scale of their worth;
Self-consequence never lies still,
But fidgets and shifts to catch fame,
And 'gainst Nature's sentence and will,
Still shuffles in Vanity's game.

See a table to Fashion ordain'd,
What vile affectations abound!
Plain Nature still smother'd and chain'd,
And Vanity straining around;
All aping an overstretched mien,
All mask'd in a truth-hiding art:
An arrogant counterfeit scene,
That shames both the head and the heart.

In number no pen can pursue
The garbs in which Mirth is defaced;
But a truth there results from the view,
Which through life is disgustingly traced—
That from tongues vainly strain'd never rise
The charms easy cheerfulness brings,
Where Mirth, that pure Nature supplies,
From the breast unaffectedly springs.

SENSIBILITY'S TEAR.

THOUGH Bacchus may boast of his care-killing bowl,
And Folly in thought-drowning revels delight,
Such worship, alas! hath no charm for the soul,
When softer devotions the senses invite.

To the arrow of Fate or the canker of Care
His potions oblivious a balm may bestow;
But to Fancy, that feeds on the charm of the Fair,
The death of Reflection 's the birth of all Woe.

What soul, that 's possess'd of a dream so divine,
With riot would bid the sweet vision begone?
For the tear that bedews Sensibility's shrine
Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's tun.

The tender excess that enamours the heart
To few is imparted, to millions denied;
'T is the brain of the victim that tempers the dart,
And fools jest at that for which sages have died.

Each change and excess hath through life been my doom,
And well can I speak of its joy and its strife—
The bottle affords us a glimpse through the gloom,
But Love 's the true sunshine that gladdens our life.

Come then, rosy Venus! and spread o'er my sight
The magic illusions that ravish the soul:
Awake in my breast the soft dream of delight,
And drop from thy myrtle one leaf in my bowl!

Then deep will I drink of the Nectar divine,
Nor e'er, jolly god, from thy banquet remove;
But each tube of my heart ever thirst for the wine
That 's mellow'd by Friendship and sweeten'd by Love.

ABSENCE.

Ah! Solitude's no cure for woe;
Alas! I only pined there:
I flew from noise and gaudy show,
But could no solace find there.
I reason'd and I rov'd, for ease
Found nought but gloom and sorrow;
Sad Absence fix'd the mind's disease,
And blighted night and morrow.

The flowers bloom'd, the thrushes sung,
But Memory's tears so drown'd me,
On Phillis all my senses hung,
And dead was Nature round me.
No light my shaded bosom warms,
She bears the sun about her:
Beneath her eye all life has charms,
But sinks to night without her.

Where'er I drag my weary way,
  There shines no glimpse of Pleasure:
Still back my thoughts, despairing, stray
  To mourn my absent treasure.
Then end me, Fate, or bless my view;
  For heaven or earth decide me—
Oh! let her glance my life renew,
  Or ope the grave and hide me.

THE CURSE OF WISDOM.

CURS'D, curs'd be those precepts of Age,
That take from young Fancy her flight:
That quieting school of the sage,
That bids us *examine* delight.
Alas! in my childhood I fell
A dupe to this lesson of woe;
And my heart can too heavily tell
How wise and how weary I grow.

Must Caution all motives accuse?
Discretion all ardour dismiss?
Must Reason appraise all our views?
And Prudence excise all our bliss?
Was I born thus to traffic in dross?
To deal thus by measure and scale?
To feel but by profit and loss?
And calculate bliss till it fail?

Is Love, then, but Vanity's mask?
  Is Friendship a catchpenny name?
Is Honour mere Policy's task?
  And Honesty bastard of Shame?
If such be the world's hollow state,
  Why toil to gild over the cheat?
For wealth 's a lethargical weight
  To bosoms that hopelessly beat.

I strive—but, alas! 't is in vain—
  The dream of illusion to rear:
Cold reason possesses my brain,
  And my eye is unhappily clear.
Of Wisdom I knew not the bane,
  Which Youth was too eager to seize?
And, oh! what reward do I gain?—
  A philosophy nothing can please.

The visions of Fancy are flown,
  Cold Life has no magic for me;
All joy-waking wildness is gone,
  And all is mere matter I see.
Oh, Wisdom, detestable art!
  My curse on that hour is shed
When I threw thy dead shade on my heart,
  O'er the sunshine that brightened my head.

Oh! sweet in remembrance I view
Those follies, that now cannot charm,
When the picture of Nature was new,
And the bosom with fancy was warm:
When Hope's eager energies spread
A magical glow on the grove;
When the lesson of Life was unread,
And the heart had no tutor but Love.

Oh! say, will they ever return?
Can I wash the World's traces away?
Can I e'er these curs'd maxims unlearn,
And get back to Simplicity's day?
If not, may the Fates' early stroke
Cut short the coarse thread I 've in store;
For the spring of the bosom is broke,
And the spirit of Life is no more.

Sweet Solitude! wrapp'd in thy shade,
Perhaps my sick heart might repose:
Ah! would that I never had stray'd
From the groves where thy visions arose!
My Fancy had then sweetly play'd,
From the gloom of Reality free,
And the light of pure Nature have made
A sunshine eternal for me!

GEORGE THE FOURTH.

To the Kings of the earth justly blazon'd by Fame,
Some godlike pursuit gave each Monarch his claim:
By science, by justice, by arts, or by laws,
Each won the world's homage, and fix'd its applause.
Life's mended condition exalted each crown,
And the blessings of man fix'd the Monarch's renown.

Fame, ever on wing to mark worth far and near,
With her proud list in hand, flew in ecstasy here;
In haste Immortality's volume unfurl'd,
And stamp'd the great name that hath rescued the world—
George the Fourth of Britain, whose wise-order'd plan
Redeem'd the lost blessings of earth and of man.

Destruction hung over the civilized globe,
Religion lay crush'd, and in tatters her robe;

All morals derided, Humanity dead;
Faith, Honesty, Truth, Peace, and Loyalty fled.
But firm was our Monarch, whose wise-order'd plan
Redeem'd the lost blessings of earth and of man.

Through all orders of life Right and Equity crush'd,
Oppression let loose, and scared Misery hush'd;
All ties of Affection and Nature cast out,
And each dwelling a dungeon of Terror and Doubt:
But firm was our Monarch, whose wise-order'd plan
Redeem'd the lost blessings of earth and of man.

When without British gold not a standard unfurl'd,
Not a state would step forth 'gainst this wreck of the world,
Our King with war's sinews all Europe combin'd,
Moved the world to the contest, and rescued mankind;
For firm was our Monarch, whose well-order'd plan
Redeem'd the lost blessings of earth and of man.

Every kingdom convulsed, every sceptre o'erthrown,
Inheritance mock'd, and all government gone,
The fabric of ages all shook to the ground,
And the blood-hounds of Anarchy raging around.
But firm was our Monarch, whose wise-order'd plan
Redeem'd the lost blessings of earth and of man.

What praise, then, is due to an ardour so just;
To a champion of Virtue so true to his trust,
Who, with heart nobly bent 'gainst Humanity's foes,
Brought this ravage of Plunder and Death to a close?
For firm was our Monarch, whose wise-order'd plan
Redeem'd the lost blessings of earth and of man.

Rise, and fill to my toast to this darling of Fame,
Who restor'd to the world its great order and frame;
Whose firm British virtue still braved the storm's blast,
Till he brought to his feet the world's tyrant at last.—
"*George the Fourth of Britain*, whose wise-order'd plan
Redeem'd the lost blessings of earth and of man."

TO SYLVIA.

SYLVIA, when we hear thy tongue
  In holy strain so fluent,
And know, with sanctity so strong,
  How much thy heart 's a truant,
We see a pious love-trap, made
  Of groans and smiles, dear charmer!
Used, like the painter's light and shade,
  To make *effect* the warmer.

Sure play, you think, this holy feint;
  In this last hope you rest all—
For sinners burn to tempt a saint,
  And melt a frozen vestal.
True: and with some this mask, we see,
  Nabs husbands—so the fact is;
But Fate has fix'd a stamp on thee
  That bars all artful practice.

Fish not, dear girl, to catch a mate
With psalms and bible phrases:
You 'll hook no gudgeon with that bait,
For all see how the case is:
A daughter of old Eve thou art,
So thorough-bred by nature,
That, while thy lips belie thy heart,
Thine eyes still show the traitor.

Starch looks won't make a saint of thee,
Though stiff as stone thy features;
For, through that mask of flint, we see
The bent of all God's creatures.
Then drop thy knavish tongue's disguise,
Undraw this screenless curtain,
And say, as say thy honest eyes,
I am no *saint*—that 's certain.

THE CATALOGUE.

Oh! that 's what you mean now—a bit of a song;
Why, faith, then, here goes, you shan't bother me long;
I require no teazing, no praying, or stuff;
By my soul, if you wish it, I 'm ready enough.
To give you your *end* you shall have a *beginning*;
And troth, though the music be not very fine,
It 's a bit of a thing that a body may sing,
Just to set us a-going and season our wine.

Oh! I once was a lover, like some of you here,
And could feed a whole night on a sigh or a tear;
No sunshine I knew but from Kitty's black eye,
And the world was a desert when she wasn't by;
But, the devil knows how, I got fond of Miss Betty,
And Kitty slipp'd out of this bosom of mine—
It 's a bit of a thing that a body may sing,
Just to set us a-going, and season our wine.

Now Betty had eyes soft and blue as the sky,
And the lily was black when her bosom was by:
Oh! I found I was fix'd, and for ever her own,
Sure I was, soul and body were Betty's alone;
But a sudden red shot from the golden-hair'd Lucy
Burnt Betty quite out, with a flame more divine—
It 's a bit of a thing that a body may sing
Just to set us a-going, and season our wine.

Now Lucy was stately, majestic, and tall,
And in feature and shape what a goddess you 'd call:
I adored, and I vow'd if she 'd not a kind eye
I 'd give up the whole world, and in banishment die;
But Nancy came by, a round, plump, little creature,
And fixed in my heart quite another design—
It 's a bit of a thing that a body may sing,
Just to set us a-going, and season our wine.

Little Nance, like a Hebe, was buxom and gay,
Had a bloom like a rose, and was fresher than May:
Oh! I felt if she frown'd I must die by a rope,
Or my bosom would burst if she slighted my hope;
But the slim, taper, elegant Fanny look'd at me,
And troth, I no longer for Nancy could pine—
It 's a bit of a thing that a body may sing,
Just to set us a-going, and season our wine.

Now Fanny's light frame was so slender and fine
That she skimm'd in the air like a shadow divine,
Her motion bewitch'd, and to my loving eye
'T was an angel soft gliding 'twixt earth and the sky:
'T was all mighty well till I saw her fat sister,
And that gave a turn I could never define—
It 's a bit of a thing that a body may sing,
Just to set us a-going, and season our wine.

Oh! so I go on, ever constantly blest,
For I find I 've a great store of love in my breast;
And it never grows less—for whenever I try
To get one in my heart, I get two *in my eye*.
To all sorts of beauty I bow with devotion,
And all kinds of liquor by turns I make mine;
So I 'll finish the thing, that another may sing,
Just to keep us a-going, and season our wine.

THE OLD BEEF-STEAK SOCIETY.

To the Prince of Wales, on his election as Member.

WHEN Freedom rear'd her sacred shield
In Battle's wild commotion,
Her lightning scared the scatter'd field,
Her thunder swept the ocean;
Successful was the patriot rage
That roused her soul to glory;
And hallow'd is the deathless page
That tells the British story.

Then worth and wisdom led to fame,
And civil virtue nourish'd,
Then native worth adorn'd our name,
And home-bred honour flourish'd;
Tyrannic Faction, baffled, fled,
Corruption fell confounded,
And Freedom rear'd her glorious head,
By glorious hearts surrounded.

While Reason loosed the shackled mind
And Priestcraft's night expired,
Here Science her rude works refined,
Here Learning's toil retired;
'T was here a Newton pierced the skies,
With bold unerring flight, Sir;
'T was here the world saw Shakspeare rise,
Its wonder and delight, Sir.

And here, a hundred winters past,
As on our leaf recited,
A few choice souls of social cast
In Friendship's bond united;
And warm'd with zeal, that proudly gazed
On England's better time, Sir;
To beef, the prop of valour, raised
An altar most sublime, Sir.

On Saturn's day this altar burns
With festive preparation,
Where twice twelve Brothers rule by turns
To pour a fit libation:
The brethren flock you here behold,
While with their welcome greeted,
And there the Father of the fold*,
In honour justly seated.

* Charles Morris.

Though sacred be our Ox's rump,
Old story will evince, Sir,
If Fame deceive not with her trump,
'T was deified long since, Sir:
To Mithras' Bull great Persia bow'd;
To Apis, Egypt preach'd, Sir;
To Baal's Calf whole countries vow'd,
And Greece her Boûs beseech'd, Sir.

While thus we boast a general creed,
In honour of our shrine, Sir,
You find the world long since agreed
That beef was food divine, Sir;
And British fame still tells afar
This truth, where'er she wanders,
For wine, for women, and for war,
Beef-steaks make Alexanders.

May beef long bless this favour'd coast,
Where no despotic ruffian
Has dared a brazen bull to roast,
With men alive for stuffing;
Where never Jove, a tyrant god,
Who loves fair maids to purloin,
Like a white Bull, the billows rode,
With madam on his sirloin.

Like Britain's island lies our steak,
A sea of gravy bounds it,
Shalots, confusedly scatter'd, make
The rock-work which surrounds it:
Your isle's best emblem there behold,
Remember ancient story;
Be, like your grandsires, just and bold,
And live and die with glory.

THE ASSIGNATION.

Slow descends the solar ray,
Parting lustre sinks in night;
Soon, in streams of borrow'd day,
Will the moon shed lover's light.

Beam of bliss to Passion's eyes!
Softly wake my faithful maid;
Sweetly soothe the fears that rise,
And guide her footsteps to the shade.

Long, with Hope's impatient sigh,
Round the appointed bower I rove,
Forming oft, through Fancy's eye,
The moving semblance of my love.

She comes! she comes!—O gods, befriend
The bounding transports thus ye raise;
Confirm by Fate the hopes ye send,
And bind our hearts in bliss and praise.

OPENING A NEW-BUILT KITCHEN,

AT THE CASTLE.

Ye friends, who now honour these festival rites,
And, like us, love a taste of well-season'd delights,
In duty I rise, as a bard ever gay,
To sing the great cause laid before us to-day.

Here, to warm Hospitality's service design'd,
A new kitchen is built for good deeds of this kind;
But, though raised is the altar, it 's not yet decreed
Under what jolly god its fat victims shall bleed.

Now, to-day, for this great dedication we meet;
And as in our paradise gods do not eat,
'Midst the banquets of Jove 't is our purpose to look
For a fine festive spirit to watch o'er our cook.

But a choice with these gods is not easy to hit,
For the ancients have left us no god of the spit;
And, as none rule the roast, should our choice rouse
their ire,
Things would all be in flames, and the fat in the fire.

Old Vulcan would roar for his kettles and pans,
And Ceres cry out for her cups and her cans;
And from Dian and Neptune what storms we should
hear,
If he lost his turtle, and she lost her deer.

Gloomy Phœbus would ne'er a good fire impart;
And Pomona, d—d crusty, would spoil every tart;
The Naiads would foam, and boil over each dish:
Good Lord! we should have *a sad kettle of fish!*

Such *stews* and such *broils* in no kitchen is meet,
Where all things, you know, should be *tender* and *sweet;*
From gods we can't stomach the fumes of bad blood
Where even a *devil* itself should be good.

Then for you, festive mortals, who 've long burst your
skin,
Apicius, Lucullus, Old Milo, and Quin;
As the world hath well fed you, perhaps you 'll think fit
To guide, should we ask it, the wheel of our spit.

But where do ye now your nice cookery show?
For the wages of sin, perhaps, *roasting* below;
And mixing, as cooks upon earth ever do,
A brimstone-like spirit, with noggins of blue.

But while I look round, the blest traces I spy
Of a goddess whose claim not a tongue will deny,
Whose presence alone can make poverty wealth—
The charming Hygeia, gay goddess of health!

To thee we devote, then, our altar and priest,
And may thy brisk spirit still season our feast:
We care not what claims for our service may stand,
If a good skilful mortal 's led here by thy hand.

Give this temple, then, goddess! thy tutelar care,
Kindly snuff up the incense its vessels prepare;
May its offerings be ever well relish'd by all,
And man ever thrive as the hecatombs fall!

Our rites now perform'd, the fruit-sacrifice spread;
'T is fit that a mighty libation we shed:
To your goddess then fill, bless the sex ye implore,
And on earth while ye live her loved image adore.

THE MIRROR OF LOVE.

PERHAPS, from the tongue of old M-rr-s
You 'll pardon a bacchanal strain,
First taught me at school by my Horace,
Who lives in my breast and my brain.
In childhood I prattled about him,
In youth he was ever my charm;
In manhood I ne'er stirr'd without him,
In age he lies close to my arm.

So many praised Horace before me,
There 's little to say that is new:
His plan ever helps to restore me;
But that, you 'll say 's little to you.
But he cheers, if vile sots don't abuse him,
The aged, the gloomy, the crutch'd;
He brightens the spark in the bosom,
And all have a spark to be touch'd.

He flatters faint hopes with possession,
He gilds the dark shadows of fear,
Gives Love a sweet present impression,
And shows her past blessings more clear.
He bids the heart beat a quick measure,
Keeps Fancy still active and warm,
Leads Memory through visions of pleasure,
And shows us the world in a charm.

He brings me my dear lovely Kitty,
Her voice on my ear he renews;
He softens the strain of my ditty,
And heightens the flight of my Muse.
His potions I love—not for savour,
But power to stir up the soul;
There lie all their spirit and flavour,
There mantles the bliss of the bowl.

Life's value his Nectar can double,
It rates with the glass in degrees;
One sip softens shadow and trouble,
And two brings us sunshine and ease.
In the morning chill languor hangs on us,
Joy scarce in our eyes seems to shine;
But all blessings of life steal upon us
At night, when we bathe 'em in wine.

Yes! wine is a charming eye-water,
It brightens the organs of sight;
Makes an old woman look like her daughter,
And sets a bent cripple upright.
It clears the thick brain of the muddy,
It tears off Hypocrisy's veil;
It mellows the glow of the ruddy,
And flushes with beauty the pale.

With me it 's a magic reflector,
I catch a new life from its beams;
Spring up a fresh youthful projector,
And build up a world of new schemes.
I 'm no more an old heavy pacer,
To creep through this valley of care;
But a light-footed high-flying racer,
That scampers through moonshine and air.

Yet I own there 's a difference, whether
Enough or too little I sip:
My Muse likes to sprinkle her feather,
And rises still best from a dip;
If her wing be not wet, she keeps fretting,
Has always a drop in her eye;
And, if her old tongue 's deny'd wetting,
Why, then, all she utters is *dry*.

Two reasons there are for our quaffing:
One Sorrow's keen sense to subdue;
One, to quicken gay jesting and laughing,
And bring pleasant follies in view:
That's the play that I wish not to banish,
The picture I trace with delight;
I sip that its charm may not vanish
Ere Time blots the scene from my sight.

But my song I began with old Horace,
Who still dipp'd his pen in his flask;
Now it 's just the same thing with old M-rr-s,
That 's all the ink-bottle I ask.
When I view it, with joy I 'm affected,
And never in haste to remove;
For *there* all my bliss is reflected—
My *glass* is the *Mirror* of Love!

THE POWER OF LOVE.

No damp that mortal reason throws
  Can quench true Love's celestial beam;
For ever on the breast it glows,
  And freshens still in Memory's stream.

Through all the varied scenes we see,
  Through all the joys and toils we share,
However colour'd life may be,
  The tender tint is ever there.

Do Time and Space at distance fling
  Love's weaken'd hopes, though faintly fed?
Still to the heart they dying cling,
  And drop not till its pulse be dead.

The god, though still of infant form,
  Wields giant strength with baby art;
And skill'd in wanton wiles to warm,
  Plays fondly till he wins the heart.

The charmed breast all force repels
To chase the flutterer's honey'd wings:
Still in that welcome hive he dwells,
And scatters sweetness as he stings.

And though I urge him thence to stray,
For many a struggling pang I heave;
I 'm pleased to find the fondling stay,
And warm the breast he will not leave.

THE CHEERING FLASK.

MOLLY, bring me t' other flask!
  Reason's freezing lesson chills me;
Sets me on a fruitless task,
  Bids me banish Love that fills me.
I 'll no more contend with Fate,
  Argument 's all idle prosing;
What 's the end of all debate?
  That I love past all opposing.

But I should, as people say,
  If to me I can't incline her,
Rouse my pride up, turn away,
  And to other eyes resign her,
Useless tricks, a bully's game,
  Mere bravado, vain pretences!
Never can I quench the flame,
  But by death or loss of senses.

Though they fine examples quote,
Show how Pride the flame represses,
These, alas! no proof denote
Of a heart that Love possesses.
Scipio loved, and sent his slave,
Back to bless her swain; they say, too,
Ammon's ardent offspring gave
His loved Campaspe's hand away too.

Nought I care for Love like this,
Flinty pride and mock heroic;
Tricks of Pomp, preferr'd to bliss,
Triumphs madly vain and stoic.
Thus doth stern and impious Pride
Clothe Ambition's iron features;
Hurl all sympathies aside,
And make monsters of God's creatures.

Let them toil for bawling Fame,
Pleased 'midst mobs to swell and tower;
Sink all nature for a name
To fill the vulgar mouth an hour.
What 's, to minds where Love has birth,
All the breath of all the rabble?
Who 'd drop it for these geese on earth,
Prone alike to hiss or gabble.

Who 'd barter bliss to strut about,
An idol for an idiot's gazing?
Or give one doit for all the shout
That all the scrubs on earth were raising?
Quote not, then, the bartering breast,
That trucks its love for such caressing—
Mine holds a much diviner guest,
And takes not from a mob its blessing.

Through all lots of Life or Fate,
Well to taste 'em or to bear 'em,
Nought is found in earthly state,
But a fellow heart to share 'em.
Molly, bring me t'other flask!
Sprinkling Fancy sets it glowing;
Love is all on earth I ask,
And health from Heaven to keep it going.

THE PARTING HOUR.

THE carriage comes—we part! O Death!
Thy leaden hand seems on my heart;
A sobbing sadness choaks my breath,
And Nature's charms in shades depart.

All cold and hollow feels my breast,
A dimness clouds all objects round;
A hopeless silence frights my rest,
And thought 's in desolation drown'd.

Last night my eyes, with rapture keen,
Saw all that Heaven and Hope could give:
This morn my heart bleeds o'er the scene;
And, sunk in darkness, grieves to live.

Oh! when she dropp'd her moisten'd eye
Beneath the anguish'd gaze of mine,
I felt my heart within me die,
And all my soul its strength resign.

Sure 't is a change past mortal power,
When hearts with Passion's ardour glow,
To meet Love's deadly parting hour,
And view the world a waste of woe!

This is *my* lot—and never more
Will rapture thrill my desert breast,
Nor e'er the earth my peace restore,
Till deep beneath its turf I rest.

BOUNCE!

I KNOW but one rule for the table,
And *that* all mankind can afford;
Every soul should do all that he 's able
To please and give life to the board.
I 've roar'd and I've rattled, the fact is,
Above half an age for these ends;
And, so long have I lived in the practice,
I 've rattled to death all my friends.

With me, Mirth 's a fine panacea,
Gay spirit keeps Health on her throne;
For this, both in fact and idea,
I 've lived a blest life I must own.
But, to help to keep joy from departing,
I 've got all from Fate I desire—
Brisk spirits no care can dishearten,
And lungs that no labour can tire.

Yet still, 'midst my song, there 's a sorrow
That steals o'er my mind as it wakes,
The havoc from morrow to morrow
That Time with his scythe ever makes.
My strain brings to view the good fellows
And all the sweet girls, as they pass;
And I find, from my heart, as it mellows,
A sigh ever sullies my glass.

In Egypt, it 's said, at the table,
A death's-head was ever in view;
But isn't the scene quite as sable,
When friends are all dead that one knew?
I ask for Will, Harry, and Thomas,
Dear souls ever cheerful and kind!
Alas! Fate has snatch'd them all from us,
And left me here, wailing, behind.

I look round and see Youth and Beauty,
Then sigh o'er my Nectar, and say,
"Old fool! these young buds do not suit you;
No plant is there left of your day:
Where 's Kitty, and Molly, and Sally,
The life of your songs and your tricks?
All pack'd into Charon's old galley,
And dancing on t' other side Styx."

I 'm puzzled to know what 's most fitting,
To sing, or sigh on, to my close—
Whether mute in my hole to keep sitting,
Or pop in at table my nose.
I own I 'm inclined to the latter,
Life's fire I 'm loth to give up;
And, if the kind world does n't flatter,
I still have a spark in my cup.

A sprinkle to wet the cold fuel,
Rekindles a glimmer of bliss,
Makes Time's heavy sentence less cruel,
And soothes us for much that we miss;
But of all the heart's cordials I 've dealt in,
A glass of brisk *Bounce* is the thing:
At the first, Age's frost begins melting;
At the second, his winter 's a spring.

Medea, they say, had a kettle
To boil people young that were old;
But *Bounce*, with more magical mettle,
Gives juvenile heat to the cold.
If choice must be made in this matter,
I well know what choice would be mine—
Who will may be parboil'd in water,
I beg to be coddled in wine.

Old Galen, to give Age youth's spirit
Young blood would transfuse in old veins,
But the experiment fail'd of all merit,
And death ever follow'd his pains;
But as the road 's plain, why not choose it?
For *spirit* why puzzle his sconce?
When sure was the way to transfuse it—
Little *Bounce* would have done it at once.

If tracing lost pleasures annoy us,
And Age for those present 's unfit,
'T is a debt from the dull to the joyous
To warm their cold noddles a bit—
So I 'll give mine a flash of the Dantzick,
Brisk *Bounce* is the doctor for me;
When the heart of a weary old man 's sick,
His dose is the true recipe.

Then come to my heart, little *Bouncy*,
Melt off Age's splenetic dream;
I 'm happy whene'er they announce thee,
For sunshine still follows thy stream.
I *now* feel the shadows all going,
A light breaks around from all parts;
Every eye is with sympathy glowing,
And Mirth seems to link all our hearts.

But I think by this time you 'll be weary
With noise worse than noise of a cart;
So I 'll end with a glass to my deary,
For I 've still a soft hole in my heart.
As well as the Muse of my fancy,
A goddess, too, lurks in my breast—
But whether Jane, Kitty, or Nancy,
Allow me alone to know best.

THE REFUGE.

Oh! when Life's sweet romance is past,
And all the Fancy's magic gone,
See how the soul, with spleen o'ercast,
Drags life in weary languor on!
See, when the tinge Love's witchery throws,
Effaced by Fate, forsakes the eye,
How blank the scene Creation shows!
How vain the forced reliefs we try!

The change, ye hapless lovers, judge,
Who, torn from Fancy's blissful bowers,
In Life's dull traffic tamely drudge,
And waste your sad unsolaced hours.
What virtue in that breast must lie,
When earth's a void and spirit dead,
That turns on Life a sprightly eye,
And smiles when all its hope is fled!

When cast in shade, the love-cross'd heart
Sinks palsy'd with the deadly stroke,
Can Nature's charm or Reason's art
Restore the spring Despair has broke?
To bear, and bend the loaded neck,
In man may just and moral be;
But to be gay amidst the wreck
Seems past all human strength to me.

Ah! tell not me that scenes of mirth
Will cheer the heart or charm the eye,
When blighted Passion sees on earth
The light that bless'd the bosom die—
The gauds of Life, the shows of Art,
The glare that Gaiety displays,
Fall, charmless, on the burthen'd heart,
And sink the soul they mean to raise.

Reflection's power gives cold relief:
I 've tried it oft, and know it vain;
The only balm 's to indulge the grief,
And drain by tears the boiling brain.
No help I 've found, but with my bowl
To raise the tide of Sorrow high;
To melt in wild excess my soul,
And feed the tear that fills my eye.

Thus, while my loaded bosom pours
To Heaven the plaints that bursting flow,
My deluged heart exhausts its powers,
And soothes by sad excess its woe.
Then not for mirth I ask thy juice:
I come, gay god! a sorrowing guest,
To let the stream of Anguish loose,
And waste the flood that drowns my breast.

THE DISCONSOLATE LOVER.

I WANDER'D in search of the peace I had lost,
And thought in new climes 't would be found;
But, though many leagues of wide ocean I cross'd,
The day in like gloominess frown'd.

I carried within me the burthen of Woe,
No distance could lighten the load;
Care, black as my shadow, still with me would go,
And my heart was his settled abode.

While I gazed on the gay foreign revels around,
Some soul-cheering solace to draw,
My love-moisten'd eye was in passion so drown'd,
That it sadden'd all sights that I saw.

I tried every scene, to bring Mirth to my breast;
But Memory so poison'd Delight,
That, whenever I brought my sad heart to the test,
Every object fell dead on my sight.

When they told me a story, with merriment fraught,
Or with jokes my dull ear would regale,
So rapt was my heart, and so absent my thought,
That I heard not a word of the tale.

If music was tried my sad care to control,
Though from Beauty's sweet tongue it might flow,
It was not the accent that lived in my soul,
And the strain but embitter'd my woe.

Since in vain, then, from Britain my sorrows I bore,
And all blessings live under her sky,
To waste out my woes I 'll return to her shore,
And feast on Love's pangs till I die.

L'ALLEGRO.

ARE we statues, mere figures of art,
  Wrapp'd up in reserve and grimace?
Cold Form freezing every heart,
  Dull Pomp shading every face?
If it 's time solemn Dulness should fly,
  If it 's time for stiff State to unbend,
Shall I break the starch mummery, and try
To wake mirth in the breast of a friend?

I can't act a sad solemn part
  In the scenes of Life's whimsical play,
Nor wrap in stiff buckram a heart
  Which Nature dress'd easy and gay.
Perhaps there are others who think
  It 's time for mirth, laughter, and whim;
If so, at my cup let 'em drink,
  For they merrily play round the brim.

Sure all, well as I, have the art
  Their breasts with gay spirits to fill;
To dip in the stores of the heart,
  And raise a bright vision at will:
On all bosoms fond images rest,
  Where Fancy's sweet flowers may spring;
Then let each gaily tune up his breast,
  While I, alas! tunelessly sing.

All hearts must have tasted delight,
  All eyes found a flower on earth;
Then why not let Fancy to-night
  Here weave a gay garland for Mirth?
Let 's rouse the brisk play of the mind,
  Let 's wake the cold slumbering soul,
Till a wreath, by sweet Sympathy twined,
  Link our hearts round the love-tinctured bowl.

When Pomp stiff and tongue-tied I find,
  On each lip scarce a whisper or breath,
And see Venus and Bacchus enshrined
  In dignity, dulness, and death,
I feel that I 'm caught in a trap;
  'Midst the feast the soul's famine I see:
Then I wish for Simplicity's scrap,
  And the feast at the devil for me.

I needn't here tell the old tale,—
From life we should dulness remove;
That the heart should still catch the fair gale,
And glide, through the goblet, to Love.
This the gravest of bosoms well know,
And though dim their sunk fires may be,
The spark will soon blaze in bright glow,
If they 'll wet the cold fuel with me.

Come, then, friends, let these visions arise;
Call forth the bright phantoms of Bliss;
Catch the light that on Memory lies,
And the shade of Life's sorrows dismiss;
Let the carol of gladness go round,
While our eyes the heart's sympathies speak;
For in Sympathy only is found
All pleasures on earth that we seek.

RESIGNATION.

Why should I wish to free my heart
From ardours that exalt its powers?
Why wish to chase by reasoning art
The sweetest solace of my hours?
Why strive I to subdue a charm
That gilds the sable hue of Care?
Why Fancy's glowing dream disarm
Of tints that colour Life so fair?

While in an angel form I see
A smile that clothes in bliss the earth,
Why must I spurn the charm from me,
And break the spell that gives it birth?
What mortal bribe could e'er repay
The rapturous magic thus o'erthrown?
How could I bear my joyless day,
When all the light of Life was gone?

No!—when the soul, in wild extreme,
Has felt the ray that Passion throws,
It can't exist without the beam
Where all its blissful fervour glows.
That lost dead shade o'erwhelms the breast,
Creation fades beneath the gloom;
The weary'd spirit pines for rest,
And Sorrow wanders round the tomb.

Then wakes the cold unthankful grief,
That turns the suffering soul from life;
That seeks in mute despair relief,
And prompts the deed that ends the strife.
Far be from me such deadly woe;
Oh! never, while my soul adores,
Shall Misery prompt an impious blow
'Gainst HIM who heals Affliction's sores.

No! Let my fate-cross'd Passion bless
The Power above that bids it glow;
And let me, though forlorn, express
A heartfelt hope in things below.
Let me, if Fate, as oft is shown,
To suffering man a smile decree,
Still say, while sunk beneath its frown,
"It yet may show that smile to me."

MIRTH'S VOTARY.

WELL, as it 's a pleasure to do as I 'm told,
I 'll break the ice first, if you think we 're too cold;
But if when, for breaking dull form, I have roar'd,
You find that I 've crack'd all the ears at the board,
You 'll scarce think me civil, I fear, my good folks,
To be cracking good ears while I 'm cracking bad jokes.

My aim 's to smoothe frowns and to stifle a sigh,
Bid vapours dissolve, and the blue devils fly;
To quicken the spirit that languidly flows,
To heighten on Beauty the glow of the rose;
To see round the ring smiling Sympathy start,
And each eye shoot a spark from the light of the heart.

When call'd to this work, at a word I obey:
To knock Care on the head I still hammer away.
I 'm pleased to be thought, on this cold gloomy earth,
A foe to all dampers, a friend to all mirth;
And all power I ask is long power of skull,
To baffle and bother the stiff and the dull.

Whenever I find, in this fog-bury'd clime,
Grave prosing at table takes place of gay rhyme,
I 'm eager the joy-killing dirge to subdue,
And place in its stead Mirth and Folly in view;
Give Humour and Laughter a spur to go round,
And shorten long faces wherever they 're found.

I sing like a donkey—two notes are my all,
The one is a grunt, and the other a squall:
A jest in this ludicrous jingle there lies
That tempts to gay laughter the grave and the wise;
And so frightens the spleen-gender'd goblins away,
That they fly, like scared ravens, whenever I bray.

I 've always a bit of a ballad in store,
That drives off the dumps, if it does nothing more;
Sometimes I 've the luck better bliss to impart,
And stir in the breast the soft play of the heart;
To light up fair Hope, and from Fancy's sweet birth
Throw the sunshine of Life round a circle of mirth.

When Horace, my master, sung round to his guests,
With a drop from the tankard he sweeten'd his jests;
The bard of old Teios, Anacreon the gay,
On earth ever season'd his fancy this way;
And in death, not to lose the best bliss that he knew,
With a mouth full of grape juice to heaven he flew.

Aristippus's maxim, I own, I approve,
That our blessings below lift the heart best above.
Good cheer and good humour, with him, he confess'd,
Best quicken'd his virtue and gladden'd his breast:
So with me, when Life's sweets stir up mirth on my tongue,
The grace of the gift prompts the joy of my song.

And what better service to life can we pay,
Than to make all around us content with their day?
To meet, each fair hour, with Spirit and Mirth,
To catch what we can on this care-chequer'd earth?
To seize the blest moments of Fate as they rise,
And in gladness return the heart's thanks to the skies?

'T is to make up this merry round game that I sing,
And whenever I play I 'm at all in the ring;
I stake what I can, and though 't is but a mite,
If I win you some mirth, you will lose nothing by 't:
So follow my lead, either single or joint,
Play with hearts to my suit, and we all gain a point.

TAKE TIME BY THE FORELOCK.

Old Proverb.

THE cruel regret that Time brings in his train
To the gay sprightly spirit, where Mirth loves to reign,
Is to find when the Muse with warm energy glows,
The cold torpid body no sympathy shows;
And the fervours of Fancy, not met by the sense,
Like a faint gleam of light, sink in empty pretence.

More weak grows each impulse, more blank all our joys,
When Age the sad frame's sinking power destroys:
The hero and poet, with brain of like fire,
As fibres grow slacker, feel ardours retire;
The clangour of arms and the jingle of rhyme
Alike sink in faintness and deaden with time.

This truth early caught me, and prompted my plan
To pluck at Time's forelock, and catch while I can;
And so truly I 've toil'd, to make hay in the sun,
That I 've watch'd every grain in my glass as it run:
And ne'er lost a moment, when Time came to warn,
To seize the old tyrant and laugh him to scorn.

Oft he tries to assail me, with deadly design,
Bids my heart reject love, and my hand reject wine;
Tells me, "Grey-headed man is no longer a boy,
And that both head and heart are too aged for joy."
Then what do I do?—without scruple or doubt,
Fill a bumper to Chloe—and kick the fiend out.

Vain kick! for, although the old dotard well knows
I 'm the bane of his arts, and the worst of his foes,
He returns still to goad me, though hopeless to move,
And strives still to tear me from liquor and love.
But I 'll kick at him still, while he thrusts in his head,
Till he bids me in rage kick the bucket instead.

THE BALM OF LIFE.

Boy, bring my glass!—It lights a gleam
O'er Life's too gloomy shade.
There, still, through Hope's illusive beam,
The world 's in charms array'd:
There, fairer visions court my eyes,
Light beats my playful breast;
My joys to flattering transports rise,
My cares in slumber rest.

Oh! 't is a balm, in mercy given,
To cheer the weary'd mind;
To turn the grateful eye to Heaven,
That comforts thus mankind.
It prompts the just absolving thought
That heals the suffering breasts,
Sees Heaven's design with blessing fraught,
And man from misery wrests.

Then tell not me, "The sparkling bowl
Degrades the mental power;
Obscures the heavenly beam of soul,
And speeds our mortal hour;"
When fitly used, the spirit shines,
Sublimed with purest fire;
The balm each power of soul refines,
And lifts Life's limit higher.

When Memory turns to Ella's eyes,
And starts the tear in mine,
How glowing from my cup they rise,
While Passion paints in wine!
What melting softness clothes her charms,
When through my glass I gaze!
What promised joys my fancy warms,
While thus my hopes I raise.

If some, alas! of human race
Have souls debased by wine,
I mourn their heartless hapless case;
But 't is no case of mine.
Shall I from this sweet fount remove,
This boon of Heaven refuse,
Who sip but to adore and love
And warm a grateful Muse?

No! — while the heavenly vision opes
Before my charmed eyes,
I 'll raise the dream of joys and hopes
My magic cup supplies.
Boy, bring the charm! — with tints of bliss
It colours earthly woe,
And shows, in weary worlds like this,
A glimpse of Heaven below.

THE KINDRED SPIRIT.

How many, in Life's vary'd round, have I known,
Whose juices, unhappily mix'd,
Turn'd acid with every fresh glass they took down,
Till their minds in acerbity fix'd!
In vain was all Reason, or Pleasure's gay scene,
The soul in perversion was bent;
No caution could 'scape the cursed edge of their spleen,
No kindness could soothe to content.

Oh! banish me ever, great gods! from this race;
Ne'er subject my soul to this pain!
May I never see man with that demonised face,
When wine becomes gall on his brain!
Give me, gods, the kind spirit that mingles its glow,
That sweetly and playfully toys;
That shares in gay concord Life's blessings below,
And thanks all above for its joys.

How oft have I wail'd o'er this ill-temper'd clay,
This leaven that sours the breast,
To see it, where hearts were all open and gay,
Sit rankling, uncheer'd and unblest.
I 've fancy'd, as Nature ordains for all fruits
An insect, or foe of some shape,
To Bacchus she said, when he planted his roots,
" Take these insects, to sour your grape."

So strange is this foe of Life's blessings to me,
So wither'd the mind he displays,
That I cannot conceive, 'midst the blight that I see,
How the world yields a joy to his days.
I ask how this Life to his view can be drest?
How Creation appears to his eye?
How the soft tinge of Nature can colour his breast?
Or where Sympathy's touches apply?

But Nature to all, with proportion most just,
In due measures of joy still abounds;
And where virtue and intellect 's barr'd to man's dust,
Gives him game-cocks, and boxers, and hounds.
The mind aptly fitted, there centres its joy,
There plays in full glee and full scope;
The well-suited aims all his wishes employ,
And repay both his Taste and his Hope.

Where the mind 's faintly stamp'd, or the virtues unfelt,
And the heart to no sympathy leans,
Let us pity man's portion, so scantily dealt,
But not question Fate's ends or its means.
Let us not, because blest with a soul-waking flame,
That lights us with Life's purest ray,
Say the mortal more dark is unworthy man's name,
Since Nature thus moulded his clay.

To all modes of Creation, all measures of mind,
Humanity's patience should bend;
But I humbly beseech, while I live with mankind,
I may live with a sensitive friend.
Oh! place me 'midst virtues that honour man's name,
Let me share glowing Sympathy's charm;
With hearts that have felt let me mingle my flame,
And nourish a bosom that 's warm.

I 'm old, but my joys are still vivid and young,
For Memory freshens their bloom;
They spring in my fancy, revive in my song,
As wine opes Oblivion's tomb.
Then I ask from the gods, ere these joys I resign,
One favour, while left upon earth —
May I never meet tempers that sour with wine,
Or bosoms that sadden on mirth!

UNREQUITED LOVE.

SURE 't is the bitterest fate that e'er
To human lot could come,
To love a maid who loves elsewhere,
And has no heart at home;
To breathe warm vows for cold replies,
To waste unheeded tears;
To teaze with looks averted eyes,
And sigh to deafen'd ears.

If there 's a fate than others worse,
'T is, sure, when Cupid brings
This great, though not uncommon, curse
That lurks beneath his wings.
For other woes some balm is found;
But in this worst of ills,
Though patient Grief survive the wound,
All Nature's charm it kills.

Alas! this stroke of ruthless Fate
So blights our mortal day,
It sinks in shade our earthly state,
And tears all Hope away;
For never will that heart resume
Its brisk and sprightly tone,
That feels, beneath this deadly gloom,
All Joy's sweet impulse gone.

Struck with this destined shaft, thy youth,
Dear friend, received its wound;
Thy spirit, bright in joy and truth,
Fate cast in grief profound.
Thy genius too, whose splendour gave
Rich promise ne'er surpass'd,
Was sunk, in fate-cross'd Passion's grave,
And all its hope o'ercast.

Oft do I hear thy stealing sigh,
Oft mark thy sinking mind;
And when I view thy glistening eye,
A mist on mine I find:
For truly piteous 't is to see
Thy virtuous heart undone,
And all Life's sweets I taste, to thee
A blank beneath the sun.

What can I say to mend thy fate?
Thy spirits how replace?
How ease thy breast from Sorrow's weight,
Or brighten Nature's face?
Man's only art is to persuade
With Reason's chastening pow'er;
And well I know its feeble aid
In Passion's anguish'd hour.

'T is not on earth thy hope must rest,
But from above must flow;
That magic cordial for the breast
Man cannot mix below.
Turn then to Heaven thy aching brain,
Implore a grace Divine;
Rave not at what the Fates ordain,
Nor doubt their just design.

Safe is the trust and fair the plea,
When Sorrow seeks the skies;
And sweet the holy hope will be
From Power where Mercy lies.
The hand that binds can 'like restrain
Thy darken'd bosom's strife,
And throw around thy days again
The light of Joy and Life.

THE VETERAN.

WELL, here goes a ditty, as well as I can,
From a rustier pipe than the pipe of old Pan.
My Muse is soon ready; but Fate, you must know,
To the wing of the hawk gave the voice of the crow.
However, I'll croak on, as well as I'm able,
I'm never behindhand in revels or joys;
And if I can wake better things at the table,
I've croak'd to some tune, and you'll pardon my noise.

A'n't our piping times come? Peace her blessing hath brought:
I'm willing to think so, though many think not.
But, howe'er the world runs, it's alike to my song,
For my piping time hath been all my life long;
In all turns of Fate I ne'er moped like a booby,
In good luck, or bad luck, my song ever rose;
And if I'd a chorus and glass of the ruby,
I left the good world to go round as it chose.

Still Mirth was my motive, and Love was my theme,
That soul-cheering charm of Life's wearisome dream:
Without it, ah! what has Existence to give
To brighten the earth, or tempt mortals to live?
To wake in the breast the sweet source of its pleasures
Still quicken'd my fancy and prompted my pen;
And, as in my heart I 'd a key of these treasures,
My joy was to open and open again.

To wake the sweet vision, with spirit and zest,
I 'm still ever ready, and still do my best;
But, alas! in the service of Mirth I 'm more slow
Than I was, my good friends, fifty summers ago.
However, my winter don't come in a hurry,
A sip and a song keep away Skin-and-grief;
Whenever old Care tries to torture and worry,
I snatch up my pen, and he 's off like a thief.

But, now, let me hope that some neighbour here placed
Will stop my hoarse croaking with music and taste,
Restore the jarr'd nerves to their touch and their tone,
And add a sweet pipe to my rumbling drone.
No doubt that some sprightly assistant will follow,
For pleasure 's our end, and we 're all in the chase:
I think I perceive him—I 'll give the view halloo,
Tally ho! for a song from that good-humour'd face.

THE OCTOGENARIAN.

If 't is your choice to hear a voice
Below all scale or level;
That my old throat set mirth afloat,
And first begin the revel:
My heart still young shall spur my tongue,
For there I 've mirth in plenty;
In lungs though I 've—now eighty-five,
In heart I 'm five-and-twenty.

I 'm not in age a watery sage,
Who vital spirit weakens;
But one who sips, with thankful lips,
The cup that Fancy sweetens.
For still the Muse life's heat renews,
And brings that welcome favour—
A spring-like glow, 'midst Age's snow,
And spirits brisk as ever.

Howe'er the gale I cheerful sail;
Hold life a game of chequers;
Still coast along, with sport and song,
And never heed the breakers;
For Health and Hope entwine a rope
To tow me on, when failing;
And while it lasts, no ruffling blasts
Can spoil my pleasant sailing.

Thus Folly meets a path of sweets
That Wisdom's foot ne'er traces;
For wise men's brains hatch endless pains,
To turn 'gainst Fate their faces;
And, since the skies still mock the wise,
Who toil, on thorns to trample,
I 'd have them stray my smoother way,
And take a fool's example.

To sulk and wade through life in shade
And waste the heart with pining,
Is insult base in Nature's face,
And scorn on Heaven's designing.
With holy zeal Life's joys I feel,
Still feed the fires that wake 'em;
And ever show, with grateful glow,
How pleas'd my soul 's to take 'em.

Where Nature sways, she well repays
The willing heart's devotion;
Paints earth more bright to sense and sight,
And quickens all emotion.
Then wine makes gay the well-mix'd clay,
That 's temper'd sweet by Heaven;
While mortal dough, that 's sour, we know,
Soon rots beneath its leaven.

Since earth supplies, to charm man's eyes,
Fair flowers, for him who wants 'em;
He life well meets who culls the sweets,
And on his bosom plants 'em:
For this I seize all thoughts that please,
When Friendship's smiles diffuse 'em;
And when they rise from Beauty's eyes,
'T is Nature's death to lose 'em.

If any heart a wish should start
For Love's unfelt emotion,
Or would retaste the joys that waste
In cold Oblivion's ocean,
Here mantles warm the double charm
To raise Love, or remember;
To strike the spark, or, if it 's dark,
Make bright the dying ember.

Then, as there rests on all our breasts
Sweet tints of fond impression,
We 'll touch the cup that lights 'em up,
And all the picture freshen.
Though cynic hate would fain create
An earthly hell to bound us,
We 'll scenes recal that charm us all,
And raise a heaven around us.

THE BARD'S OFFERING.

A HEART-CHEERING song, that cold Form may dismiss,
And chase every shadow of Care,
Is a grace that should follow kind welcome like this,
And a tribute that 's due to good fare;
'T is the carol of comfort, the chorus of praise,
With which the cheer'd spirit replies;
'T is the gratified sense of Fate's bountiful days,
And ascends from the earth to the skies.

Then take the rough strain of my hoarse-croaking throat,
Though tuneless, it cheats into mirth;
'T is a forgery on music, yet current the note,
And has pass'd many years upon earth;
Now 't has short time to run, sinks in value each day,
And as I can't offer it long,
I here make a tender, 't is all I can pay,
For I 'm now only worth an old song.

The best inspiration that Mirth can infuse
When Love's blessed influence dies,
Is the grateful delight that from Friendship accrues,
When the link of true fellowship ties;
And to mingle our spirits, our fancies to wake,
What sweetens our humour so well,
As the board where our lips of Life's comforts partake,
And the cup where all energies dwell?

To speed Mirth is my business through Life's weary track,
And gaily I 've stuck to my trade;
Have run a long course on my Pegasus hack,
And a great deal of play I have made;
And my racer, yet willing in sporting to mix,
Still keeps up his speed and his heart,
And never as yet has been restiff or kicks,
When the company wish'd him to start.

Cold Age can't conceive why I 've spirits like mine,
Why mirth never flags on my tongue;
Why so gaily and briskly I swallow my wine,
And why one that 's so old is so young.
But let them remember mirth springs in my head
At the moment most joyous below,
When the hunger of Health by rich Ceres is fed,
And the fountains of Bacchus all flow.

Then in life 't is to me the most soul-cheering sight,
When, sweeten'd by Sympathy's charm,
All joy-speaking eyes blend their rays of delight,
And the glow of full concord is warm;
When the wine wakes the visions that brighten our day,
And the world seems with magic to shine;
When the heaven-raised spirit 'bove earth seems to play,
And the joy of the mortal 's divine.

To my head Fate hath fix'd a fool's-cap and a Muse,
A barter for wisdom and wealth;
With little to care for, and little to lose,
But a rare stock of spirits and health.
Thus, freed from the burthen that wiser men drag,
With the feather of Fancy alone,
I skim through a journey where wiser men lag,
And frolic on wings of my own.

When chance offers joy with prompt ardour I view 't,
And the moment I seize as my own;
For Time 's an old rogue, and oft promises fruit
He means with his scythe to cut down.
In life I ne'er trusted the traitor a day,
But met Pleasure still welcome and warm;
And as, at this moment, it falls in my way,
My spirits mount high to the charm.

I 've had a good dinner—and that we are told
With a poet 's not always the case;
Horace says they had very short commons of old;
And they 're not now a better-fed race.
Poor fellows! while Helicon water they drink,
I pamper my goddess with wine;
And while in a garret they starve on their ink,
I thrive in the cellar with mine.

Strange fate! while the trifler's gay joys are increased,
Toil and Merit to nothing still come;
And while my light follies still yield me a feast,
Worth and Wisdom can't pick up a crumb.
But in Mirth's airy circle or Pleasure's gay link,
The corn 's of less worth than the chaff;
For it 's profitless labour to reason and think,
When all worth is a joke and a laugh.

Though this slight on just claims seems a barbarous whim,
It shan't steal a moment from Mirth:
That 's too precious a jewel, and ne'er will I dim
A bright gem of this dross-cover'd earth.
To raise the gay revel, throw gladness around,
And lighten all shades of the heart,
Is a work at which ready I 've ever been found,
And to-night I will play my best part.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

How oft the chord of Music wakes
  Past scenes of joy that charm the heart!
And when on Sorrow's ear it breaks,
  How keen the pangs of Memory start!
How sweetly steals the soothing tone,
  While feeding rapture for the blest!
And when the note o'er Grief is thrown,
  How full it swells the anguish'd breast!

When the brisk strains to Age restore
  The early joys it grieves to miss,
How pleased the freshen'd soul runs o'er
  The visions of its youthful bliss!
And when long-bury'd Sorrow hears
  The notes that Misery's shadows raise,
How views the mind, through gathering tears,
  The hapless fate that mark'd its days.

Oh! if the note recal the hour
When Love an earthly heaven possess'd,
How do the raptured ears devour
The strains that touch the enchanted breast!
But if on the unimpassion'd ear
The strains unlink'd with Memory rise,
Lost is the power to pain or cheer,
And sound in empty cadence dies.

Oft have I seen the painful lot
The weary'd fopling 's forced to bear,
When Music, unally'd with Thought
Beats lifeless on his vacant ear.
Oft have I view'd the yawning swain
Close on the strain his soulless eye;
And oft the grovelling son of Gain
Protest the offer'd *notes*, and fly.

Nay, many an earless dolt I 've found
(That race which Music still annoys)
Who, dead to every touch of sound,
Knew no distinction but of noise.
Guard me, ye gods! from souls like these!
My heart, as Shakspeare's, here recoils:
I judge them fit, as he decrees,
For treasons, stratagems, and spoils.

O Music! soul of sense refined,
Sweet type of Heaven's harmonious will!
Hold thy blest influence o'er my mind,
And guide its soft emotions still.
Oh! still thy fond enchantment raise,
Dear solace of man's waning day!
Which cold Oblivion's shade delays,
And bids Love's fleeting visions stay.

LAUGH WHILE YOU MAY.

THREE score and ten is the age of us men,
And to many a period of trouble;
But, merry and gay, I have laugh'd it away,
And play'd, like a boy, with the bubble.
With a smile and a cup I have kept my heart up,
Each, in turn, as kind Fate would confer it;
And, now smiling 's done, I 'll take *two* cups for *one*,
And comfort the flesh with the *spirit*.

Let them rail who think fit, at my ways or my wit,
I reply to the foes of good living,
" Heaven bade me be gay—to enjoy 's to obey,
And mirth is my prayer of thanksgiving."
When the crabbed with spleen would o'ershadow life's scene,
I light up a spark to dispel it;
And if snarlers exclaim, " What 's this laughing fool's name?"
Next verse of my ballad will tell it.

I 'm a brat of old Horace—the song-scribbling Morris,
More noted for rhyme than for reason;

One who roars and carouses, makes noise in all houses,
And takes all good things in their season.
To this Classic of joy I became, when a boy,
A pupil most ardent and willing;
And through life, as a man, I've stuck fast to this plan,
And pass'd it in flirting and filling.

They say, Laugh and be fat, and that Care kills a cat,
Though nine are the lives of poor tabby.
As to Care, we all know a good stomach 's its foe,
And I 've heartily fed from a baby.
Though Nature, it 's said, need but salad and bread,
I own I 'm a flesh-loving sinner;
And nothing, I think, my gay spirits could sink,
But skinning a flint for my dinner.

Old Lucullus, they say, fifty cooks had each day,
And Vitellius's meal cost a million;
Now *my* stomach 's as good—what or where be my food,
In a chop-house or Royal Pavilion.
At all meals, if enough, I most happily stuff,
And a song from my heart alike rushes,
Though I 've not fed my lungs upon nightingales' tongues,
Or the brains of goldfinches and thrushes.

Every mortal, we find, is more placid and kind
When the stomach 's relieved from its craving,
E'en the sour and the dull yield a smile when they 're full,
And the cunning 's less bent on be-knaving.
After dinner, men best grant a boon or request,
That 's the hour for asking and suing;
And with ladies I 've found, through my life's giddy round,
It 's the very best moment for wooing.

But all stomach, they say, in true love goes away
From a delicate languishing swainer;
Now I never found cause yet to shut up my jaws,
Though my heart has been pierced like a strainer.
Poets best too, it 's said, write and sing when unfed:
But if starved I 'm undone head and throttle;
For the pot and the spit are the source of my wit,
And the fount of my fancy the bottle.

When my eyes take a gaze through the whims of my days,
And the glass gilds the passing illusion,
What soul more on earth feels the spur of wild mirth,
Or glows with more social effusion?

Round my old head of snow my life's spring seems to glow,
Though joys into visions be dwindled;
And, though faded the truth, I 'm bewitch'd into youth,
And my heart's wasted embers new kindled.

Then I 'll take t' other sup, while the ashes light up,
The spark, at my age, must be sprinkled;
Folly holds it a sin to grow cold and grow thin,
Though Wisdom sit frozen and wrinkled.
As in youth, when best fed, I 'd best strength, heart, and head,
My old days with good cheer I still cherish;
And while healthful they run, with good feeding and fun,
Skin-and-grief may preach on till they perish.

Oh! whatever Fate bring, too much thought's a bad thing,
Neither good for the blood or the temper;
Deep reflections apply a sad film to the eye,
And throw the fair world in distemper.
Each breast, in its days, has some sunshiny rays,
Sweet blossoms of life in fair weather;
Then let Sympathy strike on all bosoms alike,
And let us be happy together.

YOUTH AND AGE.

THOUGH my age be more than mellow,
Though my head be more than grey,
Still I 'm found a cheerful fellow,
When good liquor warms my clay.
Then, all shades of life receding,
Joys in youthful visions rise;
Then, on Fancy's banquet feeding,
Spring returns to Winter's eyes.

Chorus.

Fling, then, boy, rich odours round me!
Bring the chaplet, bind my brow!
Ever as in youth they found me,
So in age they 'll find me now.

What if Time some joy effaces?
Memory fairer dreams supplies:
Chloe still, in loveliest graces,
Stands before my raptured eyes.

What if true that earthly pleasures
Blended still with Care are born?
Feel I not that Fancy's treasures
Yield the sweet without the thorn?
Fling then, boy, &c.

Shall I sit in sober sorrow,
Sigh, and say, "My joys are o'er,"
When a thousand I can borrow
From this cup's reviving store?
Shall I not, as Life grows colder,
Give my Fancy's heat its play?
And, as real things wax older,
Make Deception's dream more gay?
Fling then, boy, &c.

Shall my heart's long-chill'd emotion
To Oblivion's slumber pass,
While my soul, in fond devotion,
Feels it kindling in my glass?
Shall the flowers cold Age is nipping,
Unrefresh'd and faded, die,
When the rosy dew they 're sipping
Brings the tint that charms the eye?
Fling then, boy, &c.

Tell not me of tranquil Reason,
Worst of banes to Bliss below!
To the Sovereign Heart it 's treason,
And to me a deadly foe.
Let them measure Joy who choose it,
Weigh in Wisdom's scale the whole:
Young I scorn'd it, old refuse it,
And to Nature yield my soul.
Fling then, boy, &c.

In my clay no souring leaven
Chills my heart or chides my mirth,
Poisoning, in the face of Heaven,
All its choicest gifts on earth;
Cynics, sages, saints, and preachers,
From your cheerless task I turn;
Thankful to my bosom's teachers,
Heaven's own lessons all I learn.
Fling then, boy, &c.

Shades of sweet departed Beauty!
Hover round my glowing thought;
Hear the grateful notes of duty,
For the bliss on earth ye brought.
Now, as bright celestials courted,
Raise my brain's creative powers;

Let my Fancy range, transported,
All your blest Elysian bowers!
Fling then, boy, &c.

Nymphs who yet this earth are gracing,
Brightest forms beneath the sky,
Living types of Heaven's best blessing!
Cheer me with your favouring eye.
Take a votary's fond devotion,
Raise a smile around his bowl;
Love and Memory mix his potion,
Mirth and Friendship move his soul.
Fling then, boy, &c.

Vainly, Time! thy glass keeps going,
While with mine I check each grain;
Pleased to see, while Fancy's glowing,
How run back my sands again.
Harmless, thou thy scythe will carry,
Vain thy threats are while I sip;
Here 's a weapon* thine can parry,
While my hand can reach my lip.
Fling then, boy, &c.

* The goblet.

THE MAGIC OF LOVE.

How wondrous is the magic glow
  That Love's impressions throw on earth!
Still gilding every shade below,
  And raising grains of dust to worth.
Ah! then all Nature's objects bear
  An interest to the impassion'd eye;
The sweetest softness breathes in air,
  The hours on gilded pinions fly.

'T is true, when Love sublimes the breast,
  And beams alike from mutual eyes,
The world 's a region of the blest,
  And Fancy roves in Paradise.
But from man's fickle breast, alas!
  That seat of chequer'd joy and pain,
How quick these blest illusions pass,
  And sink to cold repose again!

When hopes and wishes urge no more,
And Love's dear treasure 's held secure,
The mind, becalm'd, sleeps o'er its store,
And views unmoved a prize so sure.
Such is man's measured fate on earth,
His scale true poised with joy and woe;
For sure where ardent bliss has birth,
The joys in balanced languor flow.

Then why will man profanely strive
For joys beyond the measured scale?
Why sees he not no power alive
Can o'er the will of Heaven prevail?
Why rests he not on Fate content?
Why rashly toil her powers to dare?
Why, gathering errors, to repent,
Still mix the poisonous cup of Care?

Will nought convince the mind of man,
That bliss is measured for his breast?
That when his aims cross Nature's plan,
He bars Delight and murders Rest?
That while he swells his ill-got stores,
The worm of Conscience festers life?
And when o'erstretch'd Ambition soars,
Death checks the daring bosom's strife?

No!—ne'er will man this lesson know,
This sentence just, by Heaven design'd,
On sinful fruit a blight to throw,
And downward drag the daring mind.
Still, scorning Life's allotted share,
Pride tempts to grasp, with impious strife;
Still drives him 'midst the clouds of Care,
And wraps his heart in shade for life.

FASCINATION.

WHAT demon 's in those sable eyes,
That strike a death upon me?
What is 't that all my strength defies,
And hangs, thus hopeless, on me?
I try the world, I try my mind,
I reason, and I revel;
But feel, with all my arts combined,
I cannot lay this devil.

In Pleasure's garden long I 've roved,
Have gazed on many a flower,
And still, in quick succession, moved
Round all her vary'd bower:
But *here* I 'm fix'd in endless pain,
And nought allays the evil;
Time, place, and change alike are vain—
I cannot lay this devil.

Then must I drag, through all my days,
This curse of vain endeavour?
This haunting phantom fix my gaze,
And chain my thoughts, for ever?
Oh, yes!—my spell-struck heart, o'erthrown
By Love, has lost its level;
And all the strength or power I own
Can never lay this devil!

THE FAVOURING DEITIES.

When Bacchus his thyrsus waves over my breast,
To wake its warm ardours and fit me for bliss,
Then Venus, more kind, bids the charm be more blest,
And breathes on the ivy her soul-melting kiss.
My glass, doubly tinged, doubly blest I receive;
Ye gods! thus I take the full charm ye combine:
To Bacchus at once all my spirits I give,
To Venus at once all my fancy resign.

While round the bowl's margin Hope's light ever plays,
And Life's darkest picture glows bright from the stream,
What passion-cross'd wretch would repine through his days,
When the magic of Fancy his bliss can redeem?
Who wouldn't, when Fate, by a touch of the cup,
Can bless Sorrow's eye with a vision so fair,
Who wouldn't, as I, take one soul-soothing sup,
And quit, for Hope's region, the realm of Despair?

I laugh at the Stoic, the Sage, and the Drone,
While, Bacchus! I sip at thy fount of Delight;
Full homage my heart ever pays to thy throne,
And well do thy favours my bosom requite.
And, Venus! thou knowest, while I bent at thy shrine,
Thy love-mingled visions true worship impress'd:
The heart's softest virtues still hallow'd my wine,
And Passion's pure ardours still better'd my breast.

THE MAGIC GLANCE.

Once I thought I 'd strength to bear
All the troubles mortals share;
And, through many a trying hour,
Firm I 've stood to face their power.
Now, alas! through all my frame
Creeps a soft resistless flame,
That o'ercomes my strength, and throws
A boding terror, as it glows;
And, murmuring 'plaints to Fancy's ear,
Stirs a sigh and starts a tear.

Tell me what has thus impress'd
This novel stamp upon my breast?
What is 't my spirit thus alarms,
Yet colours Nature's face with charms?—
"What?" my panting heart replies,
"The magic glance of Sylvia's eyes;
That o'er thy mass of mortal clay
Has thrown Love's bright but trembling ray,—
Illumed thy bosom cold and bare,
And planted Hope's young tendrils there."

'T is true, I own ; for till there came
From Beauty's eye this quickening flame,
A torpid calmness closed my day,
And Life in cold indifference lay.
But since this cheering influence shed
Its melting radiance round my head,
The cloudy mists of life depart,
And Nature brightens round my heart;
While sunny Hope, as shades remove,
Plays sweetly through the beam of Love.

Then, since a power divine there lies
To mould man's heart through woman's eyes,
Let no brute Stoic vainly say
He 'll never feel this quickening ray;
Whoe'er oppose, will find at length
It boldly baffles human strength,
And bids enfeebled Reason lie
The destined victim of her eye;
For Fate, by Nature's fix'd decree,
Form'd human hearts for sympathy.

THE GUARDIAN POWERS.

AWHILE my poor heart was to Pleasure a stranger,
And gloomy Indifference o'ershadow'd my bowl;
But Bacchus, distress'd for his friend in such danger,
Sent down a sweet nymph to relumine his soul.
Restored by her smile and his cheering protection,
My glass a full draught of felicity brings:
Again I see Life through Love's soften'd reflection,
And Mirth in the sunshine of Happiness springs.

The goblet again my warm fancy bewitches,
More sweet grows the love-tinctured source as I sip;
Fair Hope's blessed treasure my bosom enriches,
And Mirth's lively carol now lives on my lip.
I feel, while the life-waking spirit I cherish,
The sway of old Care is now finally o'er:
From the throne he usurp'd, Love has dragg'd him to perish,
And fix'd o'er the heart its true sovereign once more.

How different was Life in my passionless hour!
How languid and weary my steps as I stray'd!
Life's fruit was all tasteless, and dead was its flower,
For Fancy's sweet sunbeam was dimm'd in the shade.
Too long did I prove, through an age of repining,
When breasts want a tenant, how dismal the cell:
All beauties of Nature sink dull and declining,
When hearts become vacant where Love used to dwell.

How vain are the poor empty shifts that we follow,
To brighten Life's picture, where Love has no part!
All faithless, insipid, cold, hopeless, and hollow,
Till colour'd by Passion, and sketch'd by the Heart;
This truth the glass proves, when by Love it is lifted;
There Nature's true touches reflect from the wine:
And when with Truth's image our glasses are gifted,
Devotion 's our duty, for Truth is divine.

THE SUMMUM BONUM.

As man in search of happiness,
I 've sought a *summum bonum;*
Try'd all the lures of gay Excess,
And heartily disown 'em.
At length, I think I 've hit it right—
To ease a life long laden,
I 've found, to please my heart and sight,
A fair and faithful maiden.

This Nature still assures to Youth,
Of bliss is Life's full *quantum;*
But roving Fancy doubts the truth,
And hunts through life a phantom.
At last the heart, when all 's been try'd,—
And well the fool has smarted,—
Like frighten'd Puss, throws search aside,
And squats where first he started.

Why rove we thus through life, to seek
What Virtue shows so plainly?
Why toil to prove man's judgment weak,
And hunt through life so vainly?
Ah! why the heart's pure pulse forswear,
That beats so true a measure?
Why quit Heaven's light for Folly's glare,
And pick up Pain for Pleasure?

What is 't that leads the mind astray?
Why doubts man his Creator?
What speeds the fool upon his way
To seek what 's not in Nature?
Is it the blood's enfevering flame
That rears this fancy'd flower?
Or does Pride urge vain man to claim
From Heaven a special dower?

Why is the rake's wild bosom stain'd
With foul and loose infection?
Why boasts he the remorse he 's gain'd,
That bars all sweet reflection?
Knew they the frauds of callous Vice,
How false the warmth she shows 'em,
They 'd fly, in scorn, that field of ice,
For Virtue's glowing bosom!

A truant spirit starts in man,
To quit his heavenly Tutor;
And prompts a course, still vainly ran,
That shades with gloom the future.
See how his aims all peace destroy!
Each day but mars the morrow:
He seeks through life a morning joy,
And finds an evening sorrow.

This fact, then, let me tell to Youth,
Still sooner found or later:
There 's but one path to Joy and Truth,
And that is mark'd by Nature.
If earth-born man, in vain conceit,
Quit Heaven's plain path, and rambles,
With thorns he 'll wound his daring feet,
And tear his breast with brambles.

THE CAUTION.

TAKE a hint, my dear brethren who wish to be gay,
Beware of all ill-sorted souls;
Ne'er trust to strange bosoms your good-humour'd play,
But sit with tried friends round your bowls.
Wine often awakes feign'd Complacency's smile,
When the heart with malignity burns;
For a fifth of mankind have so acid a bile,
That the cordial to vinegar turns.

Sad blights on Life's sweets from this cause have I known;
And many a wretch have I seen,
Who close shut his breast as you open'd your own,
Yet varnish'd with simpers his spleen.
Then fly, if you can, all this pale-liver'd race,
Allow not the venom to breed:
They 're reptiles that ever Life's blossoms deface,
And live on the canker they feed.

No eagle-eyed sharpness there needs to descry
These tempers, though practised in guile;
Truth sits in the half-scowling glance of their eye,
And the grin of their pleasureless smile.
Beware then, beware while the poison ferments,
Avoid the black fumes as they rise;
Nor sit till the heart, in loud quarrel, laments
That it wasn't both merry and wise.

THE SIESTA.

I 'VE a trick after dinner of dozing;
My neighbours say they do the same.
That 's better, perhaps, than long prosing,
And tippling your blood to a flame.
Much sleep, they say, turns man to water;
And tippling a fire will raise:
Then which must I choose—that 's the matter,
To die by a flood or a blaze?

As I 'm single, my fancy to sip is,
It cheers a lone bachelor's life;
But I own, for all cursed with Xantippes,
That both are relief from a wife.
A nap or a noggin 's a blessing
To him that a Fury drives mad;
In a storm, then, to 'scape a home-dressing,
I 'd catch at the first to be had.

When the tinder of Temper 's ignited,
And the brimstone 's too strong in the match,
While the nymph's blazing flame is full lighted,
The swain should take care not to catch.
Of all helps, when a fire is raging,
To keep up a breeze is the worst;
And Wedlock's sole rule for assuaging
Is—Let it burn out where it burst.

I fancy my good dozing neighbours
Oft find, from the 'larum within,
Shrill pipes rather strong for their tabors,
And slumber to soften the din;
Or, if their cow'd spirits require
A spur in the head for a bout,
They cautiously heap borrow'd fire,
When all their own fuel 's burnt out.

Whichever folks choose, or how choose 'em,
The innocent motive we know—
To lull into quiet the bosom,
And 'scape from the tempest below.
And, indeed, for relief to poor devils,
Whose home is made hell by their wives,
To nod off or sip off the evils
Is all that is left for their lives.

THE NIGGARDLY FAIR.

ADVICE that opposes a passion like thine,
Will weak and ungrateful appear;
But Friendship forbids me a truth to decline,
Though it hope not thy patience to hear.

It grieves me to see thee thus toil to engage
A heart that no sympathy warms;
While Wealth, with deformity, sickness, or age,
Would win it at once to its arms.

And more still I 'm grieved that a whim-begot aim
You once with a jest could deride,
Should now, by long scorn, be provoked to a flame,
And your quiet be wreck'd by your pride.

Then hear me a word in this ill-fated case;
'T will teach you more justly to prize her:
I 've known her since first she look'd man in the face,
And I know her a shrew and a miser.

Believe me, my friend, though thy well-fashion'd form
Were adorn'd with the mind of a god,
No charm can her soul-freezing avarice warm,
Or melt the coarse clay of the clod.

Her fancy is lifeless, and torpid her sense;
Love's voice no emotions inspire:
Her heart only pants to the sound of the pence,
Her touchstone of amorous fire.

If a pocket more deep than your rivals you 'd got,
Not a moment she 'd take to consider:
Her body and soul are on sale, as a lot,
To be knock'd down to any best bidder.

Why try then to charm, where no charm can avail?
Why start against Wealth, without any?
Why strive for this bundle of trash upon sale,
When you know you can't bid her a penny?

Though your barber and tailor new witcheries try,
Though your tongue flow with Love's sweetest jargon,
Your gold-headed cane has more charms in her eye,
And, though dumb, reasons best for the bargain.

Could your snuff-box a wish, as it open'd, unfold,
She 'd gaze with more rapture upon it;
And the squeak of the hinge, as the tinkle of gold,
Would prevail o'er your love-labour'd sonnet.

Or should you, 'gainst Nature, her temper subdue;
While your curse at the church was cementing,
The price of the bridecake would rise to her view,
And she 'd weep through the service, repenting.

Nay, was the young Love-god a slave at her heel,
I know her so stingy and stupid,
She 'd send the blind brat out to beg or to steal,
And e'en make a penny of Cupid!

In a word, her heart 's shut till it's *fee'd*, and you 'll find
Love carries no key to unlock it;
No man, take my word, has a key to her mind,
But the man with the key in his *pocket*.

Desist, then, my friend, and thy reason regain,
Let the rebel return to his duty;
Discard the foul idiot at once from thy brain,
And do justice to Passion and Beauty.

Bring thy penitent vows to wrong'd Venus's shrine,
Quit the dirt-scraping drab with a laugh;
Look up for true bliss to Love's goddess divine,
And let infidels bow to the *calf!*

THE PINCUSHION.

"THE world is all folly," some tell us;
Some say, "It 's a storehouse of sin;"
"And its joys," say your sanctify'd fellows,
"Are not of more worth than a pin."
Let saints rate them pins, and not mind 'em;
But I, not of sanctify'd cast,
Ever stoop to these pins when I find 'em,
And pick them up still as I pass.

As I never baulk joys or refuse 'em,
I cannot well number, I fear,
How many I stick in my bosom,
How many pick up in a year;
For Nature in such sweet profusion
These pins in my path ever strews,
That my heart, though an oldish pincushion,
Still gathers new pins as it goes.

But if pleasures are pins, as we 've sung 'em,
And life be a thread, as we know,
I 'd like a few needles among 'em,
To tack our hearts close, as we go;
For though joys are as pins estimated,
When view'd by the fanatic drone,
A needle could not be so rated
That stitch'd two blest hearts into one.

But what! are these Harpies, who judge us,
To blast all the bliss of our lives?
Vile drones! who the honey thus grudge us,
And taint all the sweets in the hives;
Life's rubbish work, half animated,
Unstamp'd by the finishing seal;
Blocks, put out of hand rough-created,
And moulded too coarsely to feel.

The dolt who Life's bliss thus appraises,
Is as fit to judge of it, God knows,
As a man, who 's been blind all his days, is
To judge of the tint of the rose.
The heart alone value can settle;
There trifles will treasures become:
That touch stamps the worth of the metal,
And raises a pin to a plum.

But whence come these scourgers and stripers?
Or what can such malice entice?
Do the Methodists send out these vipers?
Or the gang for Suppression of Vice?
Shall these sin-sadden'd hearts of sour leaven,
Deep hid in their sanctify'd dough,
Dare libel the blessings of Heaven,
And load us with curses below?

In the list of the devil's vile engines,
Your sanctify'd imp is the worst;
To blast all your joys with his vengeance,
He tells you, and hopes, you 'll be curst.
Most of all Envy's fiends that would hurt ye,
The blasphemous quack we despise,
Who preaches on earth in mask'd virtue,
And sins with bare face to the skies.

Of all scoundrels that shame human nature,
The hypocrite 's held in most hate:
The world ever flogs him with satire,
And Heaven still tortures his fate.
But these saints for hell's service so willing,
These righteous, in blasphemy clad,
Are recruits of the devil's own drilling;
And the devil take care of the squad!

No sour-soul'd wretch, with his preaching,
Shall deaden the glow in my breast,
Or blight Nature's beauties by teaching
That Life still in sables is dress'd.
I live to be pleased with Creation,
Feel cheerful, and grateful, and gay;
Not fret and blaspheme in vexation,
And snarl like a dog through my day.

No!—I 'm not to be touch'd by their venom,
They can't mix their gall with my mirth;
I lash 'em in songs, when I pen 'em,
And shun 'em as reptiles on earth.
Give me souls that take joy with devotion,
Where hearts Heaven's blessings repay;
And may poison be ever the potion
Of saints who would poison our day.

But enough of these fiends—let me rather
Raise fancies more pleasing and gay;
Sing of flowers that Friendship may gather,
Or those that Love strews in our way:
For sweet is the carol of Pleasure,
And holy the love-allured thought,
When the heart beats the finely tuned measure
That Virtue's pure finger hath taught.

True joy must be mutual it 's fated,
And still, to be blest on this ball,
Since the day our first parents were mated,
The union of hearts is our all.
The world without that 's a mere chaos,
And with it, all 's bliss in our eye:
Let 's watch, that no snake then betray us,
Or poison life's charm till we die.

Mine 's the song of an old-fashion'd fellow,
And toasts were in use in our time;
With Love in our hearts, we got mellow,
And Beauty still prompted our rhyme.
Then I 'll give you a toast for both sexes,
For I own of a toast I am fond —
"May the true link of Nature annex us,
And Happiness strengthen the bond!"

SONG ON THE THREATENED INVASION.

Ye brave sons of Britain, whose glory hath long
Supply'd to the poet proud themes for his song;
Whose deeds have for ages astonish'd the world,
Where your standards you 've hoisted, or sails have unfurl'd;
France, raging with shame
At your conquering fame,
Now threatens your land with invasion and flame;
But let her come on, boys; on sea, or on shore,
We 'll work her again, as we 've work'd her before!

Now, flush'd with the blood of the slaves they have slain,
These foes we still beat, swear they 'll try us again;
But the more they endeavour, the more they will see
'T is in vain to forge chains where the hands will be free.
All their rafts and their floats,
And their flat-bottom'd boats,
Won't cram their French poison down Englishmen's throats.
So let them come on, boys, &c.

They hope, by their arts, their intrigues, and alarms,
To split us in factions, and weaken our arms;
For they know British hearts, when united and true,
No danger can frighten, no force can subdue.
Let them try every tool,
Every traitor and fool;
But England, old England, no Frenchman shall rule!
So let them come on, boys, &c.

How these savage invaders to man have behaved
We see by the countries they 've robb'd and enslaved;
Where, masking the curse with blest Liberty's name,
They 've starved 'em, and bound 'em in chains and in shame.
Then their traps they may set,
We 're aware of the net;
In England, my hearties, no gudgeons they 'll get.
So let them come on, boys, &c.

Ever true to our King, constitution, and laws;
Ever just to ourselves, ever staunch to our cause;
This land of our blessings, long guarded with care,
No force shall enslave, boys; no craft shall ensnare.
United we 'll stand,
Firm in heart, firm in hand;
And those we don't sink we 'll do over on land.
So let them come on, boys, &c.

THE ABJURATION.

Now, Love! I abjure thee, half-kill'd by thy scorn,
With careless indifference to play;
No longer I 'll woo thee, heart-broke and forlorn,
But follow where Mirth leads the way;
With light airy Folly my cares I 'll requite,
And lay my worn heart in repose;
For in truth I find Hope's glowing colours too bright
For the picture of Life and its woes.

In pleasure I once had a scrupulous taste,
And sigh'd for a delicate share;
But my eyes are too open more wishes to waste
On the castles I built in the air.
The world and its ways I now take for my life;
And take it for better, for worse:
But the world, we all know, is a turbulent wife;
So with cordials I 'll soften the curse.

Some evil for ever attends on the heart
When the god of the quiver has sway;
He wounds not alike, or, if equal the dart,
He whips a cross-bar in the way.
His shafts are the same as in days of old Eve,
And fly with like mischievous hate;
Still blindfold he shoots them, and laughs in his sleeve
At the merciless pangs they create.

Then turn to me, Chloe, thy wandering eye,
That scatters its rays upon all;
That shoots a faint spark never fann'd with a sigh,
And cares not on whom it may fall.
Cast on me thy glimpse, that, like gleams of the sun,
To the sight is as safe as it 's kind;
For the glance, that is meant but to twinkle and run,
We 're sure will strike nobody blind.

PROCRASTINATION.

ANOTHER year 's closed on my folly;
I find I 'm not mended a bit:
I still am as carelessly jolly,
And Levity lurks in my wit.
I wish to grow graver and graver,
But can't find a time to begin;
Like a shuffling debtor, I waver,
And rub off no scores of my sin.

Well, many, I fear, is the number
Who put off reform while they can;
Whose pious intentions still slumber,
Till habit 's too strong for the man.
But Piety's self will uphold me:
'T is saintlike the drooping to raise;
And thousands in sorrow have told me
I lift up the heart with my lays.

Then, shall I go on and be merry,—
Still keep my gay course, or give o'er?
My Muse in mock sanctity bury,
Or let her play free as before?
The lesson Time warningly shows me,
Though taught by the Saint and the Sage,
The warmth of my heart yet opposes,
And scorns the dull penance of Age.

Health bids me, too, sing while I 'm able,
For Mirth 's the great med'cine of life;
And the moral to Life's little fable
Is sweetly to charm away strife.
Thus body and soul here inherit;
No rule more enjoin'd from above
Than to raise in gay concord the spirit,
And wreathe the sweet chaplet of Love.

As to Nature, she 'd think that I mock'd her,
Should Spleen shade my life with its curse;
For Bacchus was ever my doctor,
And Venus was ever my nurse.
So sweetly they mingle their powers
To cheer and chase Sorrow and Strife,
That I 'm ever in thirst for those hours
That glow with this sunshine of life.

I trust I 'm not wrong in my notion—
I feel I came here as a man;
And I hope it 's a grateful devotion
To live, love, and laugh when I can;
And since to man's will it 's not given
To fix his own love or his wit,
When bless'd with the impulse from Heaven,
I bow to the gods and submit.

Can man here, where Destiny 's bound him,
His spirit more duly employ
Than in sprightly content to look round him,
And Life's 'lotted blessings enjoy?
Must he spurn Nature's sweet scatter'd flowers?
Still thanklessly pine through his day?
And, vexing his heart till it sours,
With fretfulness Mercy repay?

I find in the Classic I follow
No rule for my years to pursue;
Yet, in age though I beat Horace hollow,
I think he 'd have done as I do.
Were he bid to look back on his pupil,
And told with his glass he 's too free,
I think he 'd reply, without scruple,
" The old fellow 's just what he should be."

Like mine, his heart's view is to cheer it,
Like me, he trys pleasure to raise;
For this he well mellows his spirit,
And sips, as I did, through my days;
When his fancy recalls to his bosom
The visions of blisses gone by,
He lifts up his glass not to lose 'em,
And peeps through a tear as they fly.

'T was a maxim of old Aristippus,
That virtues thrive best on good cheer;
And, whatever might vex us or hip us,
All shade through the glass became clear.
I confess I 'm inclined to that notion;
For gratitude warms at the board,
There bosoms more glow with devotion,
And Heaven's more felt and adored.

If life be a chequer'd existence,
A compound of cloudy and bright,
The heart, when its shade 's at a distance,
Should surely rejoice in its light.
While Heaven thus mixes man's potion,
A debt becomes due on his part—
To taste with a cheerful devotion
The blessings infused for his heart.

Then, in full tide of Spirit and Pleasure,
I fill to the circle around;
For I own that my Life's richest treasure
Has still in such circles been found.
Excuse then a merry old Twaddle,
Who thus, though fast dropping down hill,
To thank ye, yet clings to the saddle,
And spurs his old Pegasus still.

ANNIVERSARY SONG

FOR THE GLORIOUS REVOLUTION.

ENROLL'D under Freedom's fair banner now sit,
To guard the Great Charter, the sons of our isle,
A free chosen band, call'd by Liberty's writ
To watch the pure blessing that slaves would defile.

To mark the great era her pages reveal,
To-day is the care of this British-born band;
To mingle our joys o'er the blessings we feel,
And deck the proud triumph by Gaiety's hand.

To warm the fond mind with pure Gratitude's flame,
And turn on past Virtue the heart-speaking eye,
Is a blest recreation no Briton can blame,
And a just debt of honour no heart can deny.

Then hear me, blest spirits, who erst in the field
Upheld the great cause of this high-favour'd land!

Present to my sight on your virtue-crown'd shield
The transcript of Freedom, on Runnymede plann'd.

Hail record of Glory! brave purchase of Fate!
Hail heaven-born compact of Power and Claim!
Great deed of Redemption! true Gospel of State!
To light Britain's children from bondage and shame.

Oh! tell the loved hero now sainted with you,
His life's honour'd story yet ransoms the land;
A blood-written tablet, where tyrants may view
That Britain's free sceptre 's but lent to their hand.

This day, though an age hath roll'd o'er the bright deed,
Saw Virtue's stern effort drag Tyranny down;
Sent William the great Revolution to speed,
And wear, as he won it, our well-balanced crown.

This day, ever sacred while Liberty charms,
Retrieved the lost rights of Humanity's cause;
Restored, and bequeath'd to Posterity's arms
The well-redeem'd trust of our faith and our laws.

Now again a brave William wears Liberty's crown;
And, while his blest hand steers a course so secure,
Ever safe hangs the anchor of Britain's renown,
For the strings of our hearts form a cable that's sure.

Then pledged to thy spirit, brave William, I give
"*The Great Revolution!*" a heart-rousing toast;
And, oh! may the flame of thy urn ever live
A beacon of safety on Liberty's coast.

THE RAVEN.

To please, if we can, when a lady invites,
On the heart is a duty engraven;
So I 'll sing like the bird that most sweetly delights,
For I 'm blest with the voice of the raven.
This bird too, like me, loves on meat to refresh;
And, where mutton lies ready for mawling,
Still flies, with keen spirit, to peck at the flesh,
And, as I do, sits stuffing and bawling.

Chorus.

While feasting, we 'll leave, then, the linnet and lark
To twitter to lovers in garden or park;
Your raven 's the bird for a dinner,—then, hark!
Hark! to the croak of the raven!

Though Feasting, we know, of Good-humour 's the nurse,
Fine voices a'n't mended by stuffing;
Your musical throats are by cramming made worse,
And damaged by wheezing and puffing.

But nothing can damage my Muse's sweet drone,
So Fate has thought fit to create her;
A hoarseness or huskiness betters her tone,
And all change is improvement on Nature.
While feasting, we 'll leave, then, &c.

I own I am puzzled to tune up a song,
Since done my political scrawling;
Then roaring was all that was ask'd of my tongue,
And few match'd me in braying and bawling.
But if music I aim at, who is there but fears
Th' *execution* that follows my sonnet?
For I set up a rack for the nerves and the ears,
And torture all subjects upon it.
While feasting, we 'll leave, then, &c.

To aim at sweet music with voice like a hog,
Isn't proof of discretion or feeling;
Or to tell the heart's tale with the croak of a frog,
A soul-melting mode of revealing.
I leave, then, the strains of the tender and sweet
To swains form'd for quavering and trilling;
But I 'll grind out a song, for I sing as I eat
With my grinders still ready and willing.
While feasting, we 'll leave, then, &c,

I sing not on war—that 's no theme for my Muse,
She delights but in concord and pleasure;
And soft strains at my age I, alas! must refuse,
As a dirge that moans over lost treasure.
Philosophy, Science, and Art are too dry
For the mellowing mirth of the table;
And a rant about gods and their goddesses I
Think worse than the jargon of Babel.

While feasting, we 'll leave, then, &c.

Then, I 'll choose a new subject, and pass by all these,
To show you at once, in my ditty,
How foolish the hope is to live as you please
'Midst the whims of this life-teasing city.
One week's nightly torments will serve to explain
How we 're cross'd in the course we would measure;
And show you, while living with others, 't is vain
To form rules for our health or our pleasure.

While feasting, we 'll leave, then, &c.

I 've long made a cool course of diet my own,
For in youth I was rather a sinner:
One rule above all I 've most strictly laid down,
To never take food after dinner.

Monday night a fair hostess took such a high huff
Because I 'd not eat, that to ease her
I cramm'd down my stomach some pastry-cook's stuff,
And suffer'd a nightmare to please her.
While feasting, we 'll leave, then, &c.

Then I 'm always in bed at eleven at most,
Lose all rest if I 'm longer a waiter ;
And wherever I go, or whoe'er be my host,
My rule is to never stay later.
" You 'll peep in at my hop," says a dame, " Tuesday night?"
And when there, she, without any warning,
Bade me stand up with her,—this was vastly polite ;
And she danced me till five in the morning.
While feasting, we 'll leave, then, &c.

A hot room I can't bear,—and to 'scape being sick,
Still get near the door, if I 'm able ;
If the grate be not screen'd, and we 're pack'd rather thick,
I lose all my stomach at table.
I was roasted, on Wednesday, like meat on a spit,
'T was a mercy I didn't expire :
Placed next a fat lady,—of course couldn't quit,—
And was stuck with my back in the fire.
While feasting, we 'll leave, then, &c.

On Thursday, with dandies I dined like an ass,
And more punish'd was seldom poor sinner:
Six, precisely, was named; but that time was, alas!
Scarce within half a day of the dinner.
Three hours, from six, sat I kicking my chair,
Fill'd with wind, till my trunk seem'd to bellow;
At nine came the guests, bawling out, on the stair,
"Lord! how early you dine, my good fellow!"
While feasting, we 'll leave, then, &c.

Friday night I peep'd in at a tea, hereabout,
To chat half an hour, if able;
All were busy at cards, except three, who sat out,
Wanting one more to make up their table.
"Here 's a fourth!" the lady cry'd out, as I came,
Thrust me down, without chance to escape her;
And, though cards are my horror, she forced me to game
Till I lost all my gold and my paper.
While feasting, we 'll leave, then, &c.

On Saturday night to the Opera I went,
A thing that I do very rarely;
Rain came on,—so, before the next ballet, I meant
To get home in a hack very early.

" My dear friend," cry'd my cousin, " I 'm so glad
we 've met !
You 'll see me to my chair, I am sure, sir."
Till midnight we sat,—then no hack I could get,
And went drench'd to the skin to my door, sir.
While feasting, we 'll leave, then, &c.

Now to Sunday we 're got,—that 's a period of rest,
And it 's time you should taste of the blessing:
No longer my noise, then, your ears shall molest,
About nuisances past all redressing.
For myself, since these vile affectations abound,
And life's ease and life's joys it thus martyrs,
I 'm resolved, whilst this plague 'gainst all comfort goes
round,
To live cautiously out of its quarters.
While feasting, we 'll leave, then, the linnet and lark
To twitter to lovers in garden or park;
The raven 's the bird for a dinner,—then, hark !
Hark ! to the croak of the raven.

THE ONE I DARE NOT NAME.

Once the rant of Love I scouted,
  Laugh'd at sighs and dying swains;
Raked away, and never doubted
  Cure for all such idle pains.
Thus it was I lived with Cupid,
  Coldly lived, in blight and blame;
And I should have died, thus stupid,
  But for her I dare not name.

Oft I 've said, in merry humour,
  "What 's this dream the poets sing?
Mere bombast, a mental tumour;
  In the brain there 's no such thing.
If it be the wish for pleasure,
  Why must maxims mar the aim?"
But I had not seen the treasure
  Form'd in her I dare not name.

Gods! since first I met this charmer,
What a change my soul endures!
Reason tries in vain its armour,
And the town no longer cures.
Nought relieves my wasting anguish,
No resource abates the flame;
On my heart all wishes languish
But for her I dare not name.

Oft I 've blest my life's condition,
Fondly felt, 't was favour'd much;
Fate, I 've thought, in kind partition,
Mark'd my lot with partial touch.
But his woes he now dispenses,
Bids me such proud thoughts disclaim;
And, to mock my vain pretences,
Shows me her I dare not name.

God of bliss! oh, light within her
Soft Compassion's cheering beam;
Save, oh! save a struggling sinner,
Wreck'd in Passion's troubled stream!
If one glimpse of consolation
Be the breaking bosom's claim,
Let a glance of sure salvation
Steal from her I dare not name.

LIFE AT FOURSCORE.

I SWEAR by old Styx,
That I 'm now eighty-six;
And yet I 'm a lad for the table.
I still play a part
With my merry old heart;
And I haven't yet run out my cable.

To show, by sweet Mirth,
That we 're blest upon earth
Is so just and delightful a duty,
That I 've never forgot
Thus to welcome my lot,
When surrounded by Friendship or Beauty.

The gloomy and vain
Of their lives may complain,
And the Cynic his surliness double;
But this proves that their breast
Has yet never been blest
With the great panacea for trouble.

For all mortal harm
Fate has sent a sure charm,
To breasts that breathe under its power;
A specific divine,
That has ever been mine,
And gladdens my heart to this hour.

Yes! the bright beam of Love,
That blest ray from above,
So strongly shone on me when younger,
That, though life now declines,
A sweet glimmer yet shines,
And the glass makes reflection the stronger.

If this vision arise
To my time-stricken eyes,
My spirits still rush to adore it;
And all cares, of Spleen born,
Like the mists of the morn,
Dissolve into nothing before it.

When my glass I apply,
The sweet charms I descry,
Which rise up, like magic, to meet it;
And each time I peep in 't,
More it softens each tint,
And 'lures my blest heart to repeat it.

Thus I raise, and thus nurse,
All the mirth and the verse
Which still in my bosom lies lurking;
And in this sweet employ
The brisk Spirit of Joy
Still prompts me to sing as I 'm working.

But, alas! here I feel
A crack'd spoke in my wheel,
And always roll on in a wrong key;
Fate has sent me a throat
Without compass or note,
And a warble as sweet as a donkey.

Then all I can do
Is to rumble it through,
In hopes a friend, over the bottle,
Since Fate's cruel bar
Leaves my mouth but a jar,
Will open his musical throttle.

Perhaps, if I ask,
You will take the sweet task
To comfort the ears *I* am cracking;
Soothe the wearisome pain
With some tunable strain,
And rescue the nerves I am racking.

As it 's fit then, my friend,
The harsh discord should end
Of so rough and so wretched a chanter,—
With this curb on his chops,
Here my Pegasus stops,
That yours, sir, may now take a canter.

THE GARDEN OF LIFE.

WHILE some steal to rosy-twined bowers,
To muse on Love's dreams and deceits;
To search, like the bees among flowers,
The care-oppress'd bosom for sweets,—
The garden of Life is my ramble,
A road rather rough for the Muse,
Thick set with the thorn and the bramble,
But chequer'd with many sweet views.

The lilac well blends with the woodbine,
The lily looks fair with the rose;
To those who care nothing for good wine,
I leave such pure mixtures as those.
I tread not where Flora thus scatters
Her beauties o'er valley or hill;
And quit all the sylphs and the satyrs,
With mortals to frolic and fill.

I mope not beneath a green willow,
I sigh for no shadowy grove;
But, toss'd on the world's moving billow,
I up and down cheerfully rove.
I frisk with no kids and no lambkins,
I pipe with no shepherds and swains;
But my merry trippings and trampings
Are all through streets, alleys, and lanes.

I tell not, what 's told till it wearies,
How Philomel warbles at night,
How turtle-doves coo to their dearies,
Or larks twitter up to the light.
I leave these songs, praised so in fable,
To solace the pastoral swains;
I look for my chorus at table,
And there pick up food for my strains.

I seek for no elves, or no fairies;
Leave Echo at rest in her hole;
Ask no dryad to join my vagaries,
Or naiad to swim round my bowl.
I trot through Life's round with my neighbours,
Still cheerfully herd with my kind,
Tune my rusty old pipe to their tabors,
And whistle all care to the wind.

I hold mirth a holy thanksgiving,
A debt the blest bosom repays,
Which, grateful, by cheerfully living,
Thus offers to Heaven its praise.
But town 's the gay seat where this duty
Of bosom-blest worship abounds;
Where, raised in a region of beauty,
The heart-mingled chorus resounds.

Yes! there I sit circled with blessings,
There favour gives life to my tone;
There, welcomed with smiles and caressings,
In town I 'm delighted I own.
But the country, oh! swains, do not hear it,
When there, it would grieve you to see
How the blue devils blight all my spirit,
And spleen withers every tree.

When banish'd to rustic reflections,
My mind in a dungeon is cast;
Still bury'd in town recollections,
The present lies sunk in the past.
Gay visions, for ever recurring,
Still show my lost bliss to my breast;
And the life my whole soul is preferring
More deadens the one I detest.

I 've no taste for self-contemplation:
In town we still lay on the shelf
That sweet, silent, sad consolation,
To hatch lonely joys for one's self.
In the country, compell'd by sad leisure,
We, hopeless, turn inward our eyes;
But in town we look outward for pleasure,
And gather from others our joys.

If I take up a book, or the papers,
My thoughts all fly off to the town;
Till, rack'd with despair and the vapours,
I sicken, and throw the book down.
If I write, on town joys I sit scrawling
What Memory keeps raising to sight;
While sad rural tears, ever falling,
Still blot out as fast as I write.

If Music's brisk rattle I fly to,
Vex'd spirits all briskness destroy;
The waltzes are dirges to cry to,
Quadrilles the death-knell of my joy.
If I chat with my good country neighbours,
Their thoughts to town ears are so strange,
All the comfort I draw from my labours
Is a heart-breaking sense of the change.

Then, alas! when I 'm rurally walking,
My sight of all sense is bereft;
All the way I 'm still ogling and talking,
In all the sweet circles I 've left.
I glimmer through tears at the cattle,
Am deaf to the birds on the twigs,
I 've no sound in my ears but the rattle
Of coaches, barouches, and gigs.

In short, all the country can give me
Is such desolation to me,
There 's Dulness and Discord to grieve me
In all that I hear or I see.
The valley may echo with lowing,
The hill with sweet bleatings resound;
But I 'd rather to Newgate be going,
Than sent to this musical ground.

The sparks of my Muse's weak fire
From Concord and Sympathy spring;
From joy-sharing hearts that inspire;
From spirits that mount as I sing.
In Mirth, as in Love, I still covet
The mutual reflex of the soul;
And if Solitude bar or remove it,
All flavour is dead in my bowl.

The town is my mount of Parnassus,
The glass is my Helicon spring;
My Muse catches Life as it passes,
And flies with the world on her wing.
In short, I 'm not form'd for seclusion,
I cannot pine under a tree;
I love the world's joy and confusion:
So mirth and a bustle for me.

CHANSON DE CORPS.

COME on, brother soldier, the field is now ended;
The glass's sweet tinkle now calls us along.
The triumph of Valour with Mirth is well blended;
And sweet is the chorus when Glory 's the song.

Then join in my lilt now, ye lads of true mettle,
'Midst laurels well won our gay voices we raise;
And Fame, lads, wherever her eye she may settle,
Will ne'er find a subject more fit for her praise.

With brave fellow hearts, as a band of true brothers,
We sprang into arms for the cause of our King;
And death, that 's a debt paid to Nature by others,
A ready free gift we to Loyalty bring.

Our love for our country 's as firm as old Cato's;
For our blest Constitution our colours we rear;
We 're the "Prince's own lads," from the land of potatoes;
And no sound but of glory has charms for our ear.

Our colours his own royal arm hath supported;
The charge of their fame to our honour he gave;
And we trust, in the field where true glory is courted,
They 'll shine, like himself, the great hope of the brave!

May Union and Concord for ever, then, bind us;
Through Honour's bright field, with one heart, may we roam;
Abroad, in all dangers, the foe ever find us;
And Friendship and Love ever meet us at home!

Thus his brave royal line, to the end of earth's story,
May God and our arms ever shelter and save!
May the shamrock be ever the crest of true glory,
And Freedom's blest voice a sure call of the brave!

DESPONDING LOVE.

WHERE shall Distraction turn for ease?
Where Love her pangs assuage?
No scene my absent eye can please,
No tongue my ear engage.
Gay Nature dead and dreary lies;
The world 's a waste of woe;
In restless wanderings rove my eyes,
But find no path to go.

Why fix, ye ruthless powers divine!
This fate upon my day?
Why form a fellow heart to mine?
Then cast that heart away?
Why lights Fate's vengeance, as it flies,
On me, so blest below?
In restless wanderings rove my eyes,
But find no path to go.

Or why, when in a fellow mould
A kindred soul was clad,
The destined sight so long withhold,
And show when Fate forbade?
Why bind me now in Friendship's ties,
To bear this hopeless blow?
In restless wanderings rove my eyes,
But find no path to go.

Glad woke the day,—O sad reverse!—
The morn without a speck;
At night my very life a curse,
And all my hope a wreck.
My heart by Hymen death-struck lies,
My tears unceasing flow;
In restless wanderings rove my eyes,
But find no path to go.

Lived I for this so long on earth
A star in Pleasure's view,
At which the wishful eye of Mirth
Would gaze and worship too?
How shall I now help joy to rise,
Who nought but sorrow know?
In restless wanderings rove my eyes,
But find no path to go.

Frown ye, ye Fates! that ne'er before
My playful bosom sigh'd?
Or that the shield my Reason bore
Turn'd Cupid's shafts aside?
Or do the sin-chastising Skies
Thus scourge my course below?
In restless wanderings rove my eyes,
But find no path to go.

Will ye not hear, ye ruthless powers!
When, drown'd in tears, I rave?
Will ye not strike, ere Grief devours
The heart ye scorn to save?
Is there not, 'midst my bursting sighs,
One sob to end my woe?
In restless wanderings rove my eyes,
But find no path to go.

Cast is my doom,—and now, alas!
It ne'er will matter more
Which way my destined sorrows pass,
Or how my days drag o'er.
A desert all Creation lies;
No hope now lives below,
Save that sad hope to close the eyes
That find no path to go.

THE OLD BARD.

BEHOLD an old bard, with a time-silver'd head,
Who, to give the world life, hath drank half the world dead:
In this town, where from youth I have revell'd and roar'd,
Near three generations have dropp'd from my board.
Derry down derry!

Ay, down, derry down! they all go in their turns;
And I 've but one relief while I sigh o'er their urns;
I have lengthen'd their night, if I shorten'd their day,
And many sad dogs have sent merry away.

But what shall I do, while my thread the Fates spin?
With a fourth generation I cannot begin—
Why, I 'll beg these same Fates to mind what they 're about;
And let those I now live with all hold me well out.

My song is my life, for kind Heaven ordains
My health is kept flowing by stirring my brains;
In all mortal ills, as a recipe sure,
I dip in this fountain, and scribble a cure.

Thus Horace, my master, created his strains,
Sipp'd and sung, and at once tapp'd his cask and his brains;
On the flame of his fancy still sprinkled his cup,
Till it blazed a bright charm that kept joy ever up.

So, humbly, I follow my master divine;
Still freshen the buds of gay Fancy with wine;
Still wake the fond dreams that from Memory fly,
And brighten the visions that fade on my eye.

But, alas! of that hour I much have the start,
When the bard of old Rome cast off Love from his heart.
What the Roman thought fit, fit the Briton well knows,
For Morris, like Horace, now draws to his close.

But too short was the life of that darling of Fame;
His wine was too weak,—mine 's more strong in its flame.
On no Formian, Falernian, or Lesbian, I pine;
But am wreathed with the stout Lusitanian vine.

O, then, angels! whose charms were the stores of my soul,
My life's richest treasures, dear joys of my bowl!
From the skies, where ye 're flown, still protect my old song,
And lighten Time's hand, while he drags me along!

Rise, rise to my fancy, ye black, brown, and fair,
Bright themes of my song, and my youth's sweetest care!
In the charms ye all wore 'witch my lingering view,
And let me not yet say, — "Dear creatures, adieu!"

Come Kitty, come Fanny, come Lucy, come Jane,
Smile round my old head, ye who bless'd my young strain;
In rosy-wreathed charms, and wild witchery's spell,
Dance round an old minstrel who loved ye so well!

See the glass of my heart, the clear mirror, that shows
The soft picture of bliss, whence my song ever rose;
My wine is not poison, to taint the sot's lip,
But a soul-waking Nectar, that charms as I sip.

O boon ever blest, richest largess of Fate,
Melting drop for Time's frost, and sure balm for his hate!

Dear cup! that for Age revives Youth's cheering ray,
And throws on old eyes the young light of Love's day!

How few are the mortals in Life's busy mart
Form'd by Fate to receive Love's blest light on the heart!
Through the mass of Earth's sons, in this world where we tread,
It shines to a desert, and whispers the dead.

Come, then, ye choice few, stamp'd by favour Divine,
Whose hearts, highly touch'd, in pure fervour refine,
Awhile from the world's icy track let us fly,
And soar to that heaven that lives in Love's eye.

Let our Life's shady evening recall its bright day;
Let us catch a warm glance, as the tints fade away;
And, as Time draws his veil, may a spark from the bowl
Still shoot through the shade, and let light on the soul!

Then, Ladies, ere Fate, who spares none from his tricks,
Shall beckon me hence for a trip o'er the Styx,
I 'll toast, with your leave, to maids, widows, and wives,
"Long health to their days, and long bliss to their lives!"

CONSECRATION OF THE GREAT CUP

PRESENTED BY SIR J. SCOTT.

You call for my voice!—Hear, then, friends from my tongue,
That a new votive hymn is this day to be sung.
We are met in full choir; and I trust, with high glee
You will all raise the chant in full chorus with me.

First, to say why we meet with closed door, at this time,
'T is to consecrate here, on our altar sublime,
A cup nobly form'd, whence for ages will flow
The lip's richest stream, and the heart's warmest glow.

Not the cup Circe fill'd for Ulysses the wise,
Not the cup Hebe holds at the feasts of the skies,
Not what Ganymede bears before heaven's high lord,
Is a cup more superb than now stands on our board.

As your Sire, to ask a rich boon, then, I rise,
A boon of high grace on this cup, from the skies:

That the Nectar-fed Jove his gay blessing will give,
And the Brethren here sip Health and Mirth while
they live.

From this day set apart, all our zeal to inspire,
To concentrate our joys, and unite all our fire,
May this cup's golden rim, as the donor design'd,
Be a band of fraternity, ever to bind!

May its symbols, of manly and social design,
Still wake in our breasts, what should there ever join,
The two noblest virtues of Britain still blend—
The heart of the patriot, the hand of the friend!

But it 's fit, as our lives have short date, I should say
A word on this cup for Posterity's day;
Give the donor due thanks, the designer due praise,
And the painter due fame, on a leaf of my bays.

In our Island, the centre of Science and Art,
Spode form'd this rich fount, for the joys of the heart;
Where high British skill and pure taste so combine,
That the stream of his fame must still flow with the
wine.

From the Baronet Scott, of Barr Magna the lord,
This tribute to Mirth stands a gift at our board;

Which Nixon, a Brother, and draftsman of taste,
With well-painted emblems hath skilfully graced.

This day, sacred day, with distinction most rare,
The Regent of Britain 's enthroned in our chair:
To the chair, royal chair, then, due homage to pay,
Be the cup call'd "The Regent," to mark the proud day.

Now, my duty thus done, 't is the votaries' care
That libation go round, to propitiate prayer;
From this fountain's first stream, then, each glass be fill'd up,
With — "Health to the Donor, and luck to the Cup!"

THE PLAN OF LIFE.

Oft you 've heard me, though gay, sadly mourn in my song,
The friends cruel Time 's swept away;
And, perhaps, you will bear, now, to hear from my tongue
How I lived out these lads of my day.
My view is to welcome whate'er the gods give—
A view worldly Wisdom denies;
So I 'll venture to tell you how foolish I live,
To answer an end that 's so wise.

I never could bear the cold medium of Life,
That tethers the soul in its flight.
"It precludes," say the cautious, "all torment and strife;"
But with me it precludes all delight.
Without the heart's fervours and Hope's brightest ray,
Ah! what is this journey of woe?
Let the good folks, who dozingly travel it, say;
For no step of that road do I know.

Through the light airy regions of Fancy I rove,
With a train of wild visions around;
I deck, in enchantment, a Temple of Love,
And worship on magical ground.
This, the wise call illusion, that truth never knows,
And by Reason would bid it depart;
But, while round my head a rich Paradise glows,
No Desert shall famish my heart.

My steps to these fancy-raised groves I confine,
With my Muse the sweet haunts ever trace;
There raise, with Love's ardours, a phantom divine,
And with Folly outstrip the world's pace.
Bewitch'd with this lesson, ne'er taught in Life's school,
I take what grave heads still despise;
And, while they thus grant me the bliss of the fool,
I leave them the joy of the wise.

O Flaccus! how true the world's worth dost thou rate!
How just are thy views of Life's plan!
How well thou repayest the kind favours of Fate,
By the willing delights of the man!
As the gods gave the blessing thy heart met the boon,
Thy spirit rose grateful and gay;
It felt that Life's pleasures were meant to pass soon,
And it soar'd on the wing of the day.

I 've follow'd thy precepts, dear bard, as I go
Through years that outnumber thy own;
And the joy, health, and peace I have had here below
I owe to thy lesson alone.
The wise would have taught me Life's maxims of care,
And steer'd me by Cunning and Art:
But Nature rebell'd; Heaven's finger was there,
And it rescued my head and my heart.

Felicity hallow'd this nature-taught deed,
Firm Health brought the approval Divine;
And through years for a length the Fates seldom concede,
All joys on the earth have been mine.
I still hold a place at the boards of the gay,
My spirits keep pace with the young;
For such treasures of joy bless'd my Youth's happy day
That my Age has a store for my tongue.

And till of all fancy by Time I 'm bereft,
And Life's wasted spirits decline,
I 'll taste with true relish each day I have left
That 's graced thus with Beauty and Wine.
My aim is to help up the heart on its way,
And, if sought, to aid Mirth for a while;
I 'll rouse my best spirits your wish to obey,
In the hope to be paid with a smile.

THE PRINCE AND THE PEOPLE.

WHILE Europe, relieved from fierce Tyranny's sway,
Sees the dark reign of Terror chased happ'ly away;
While a demon, by mischievous madness, hath shown
That to seek others' ruin leads sure to his own:
Let the pride of Old England, just, generous, and brave,
Reap the meed of that blessing her constancy gave;
Let her think, 'midst her great cost of treasure and life,
She waked the world's efforts, and conquer'd the strife.

Though the deeds of all nations, with emulous claim,
On the tablet of Glory have blazon'd their fame,
Had the treasures of Britain not flow'd in full tide,
All their glory had sunk, and all struggle had died.
To the Prince of Old England, then, loud be applause,
Main-spring of all action, and soul of the cause!
Whose hand, while it stretch'd forth the sinews of War,
Brought Peace in sure triumph on Victory's car.

Yes! 't was Britain's own Prince, who, with Virtue's
firm hand,
For the rescue of man used the wealth of the land;
And, in spite of all malice that Faction hath hurl'd,
Hath spread the blest mantle of Peace o'er the world!
'T was this girdle of gold that, 'midst Europe's applause,
Bound the warriors in concord, and won the world's
cause;
'T was this stout British prop that sustain'd the world's
mind,
Till the earth's bravest heroes struck home for man-
kind.

Then take, gracious Prince! from a subject most true,
The full meed of praise to thy manliness due;
And think, while base Faction makes war on thy breast,
Thou, in 'turn, with sweet Peace thy loved country hast
blest.
Oh! shame on those tongues that would bar from thy
heart
The throb of pure joy thy firm measures impart!
That would, while themselves crown'd with blessings
they see,
In the sweet cup of Peace mingle bitters for thee.

No such sentiment lives in the brave British breast,
That the giver of joy should himself be unblest;

That the mind which to others brings peace and delight
Should be ravaged by rancour and tortured by spite.
No!—While Peace spreads her wing o'er this well-
balanced isle,
May the throne and the cottage 'like share her sweet
smile!
And, to mingle a toast equal joy to evince,
Here's "The People of England, and England's own
Prince!"

THE BARD'S PRAYER.

You wish a word, to set Mirth afloat:
Then off I go, with my rusty throat.
I 've songs enough,
Ever ready and rough;
But, alas! not a bit of a tune or note.
But noise may waken a softer strain,
Pleasure will then repay your pain;
What you lose by me from others you 'll gain,
And to bring you the blessing I 'll sing again.

I 've stores enough in my heart for themes,
A world of facts, and a heaven of dreams;
'Twixt vision and truth,
I 'm a sage and a youth,
And my life is a chequer of blest extremes.

Love's flame, that lighted my youthful day,
Still helps my heart, with a lingering ray,
To gather the flowers Time casts away,
And freshen their sweets in my glass to-day.

Too oft, perhaps, to delight my view,
I raise this mirror of Mirth, it 's true:
The wish of my heart 's
Ever ready to start;
For the glass can the bliss of my life renew.
And if the souls that are dark and dry
Would quicken their light with this spark as I,
Their icy hearts, with a yielding sigh,
Would melt at the beam of a charmer's eye.

What is 't in Bacchus that charms our hearts?
The glow that love to his wreath imparts;
'T is Venus that twines
The knot of his vines,
And Cupid there plays with his kindest darts.
For man they mingle a heavenly bowl
When Nature adapts the jovial soul;
And as long as my heart's warm tide shall roll,
My cup shall be fill'd, and my song shall troll.

There are many who sit this board about,
Whose hearts have been sweetly touch'd, no doubt;

And if any exist
Who the blessing have miss'd,
May the god of the quiver soon find them out!
For nothing on earth is worth our care,
Unless with a fellow breast we share;
So I 'll finish my song with a hearty prayer—
Wherever we go may Love be there!

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